

The WAR CRY



OFFICIAL ORGAN of

The SALVATION ARMY

William Booth
Founder

in Canada East & Newfoundland
International Headquarters
101 Queen Victoria St. London E.C.

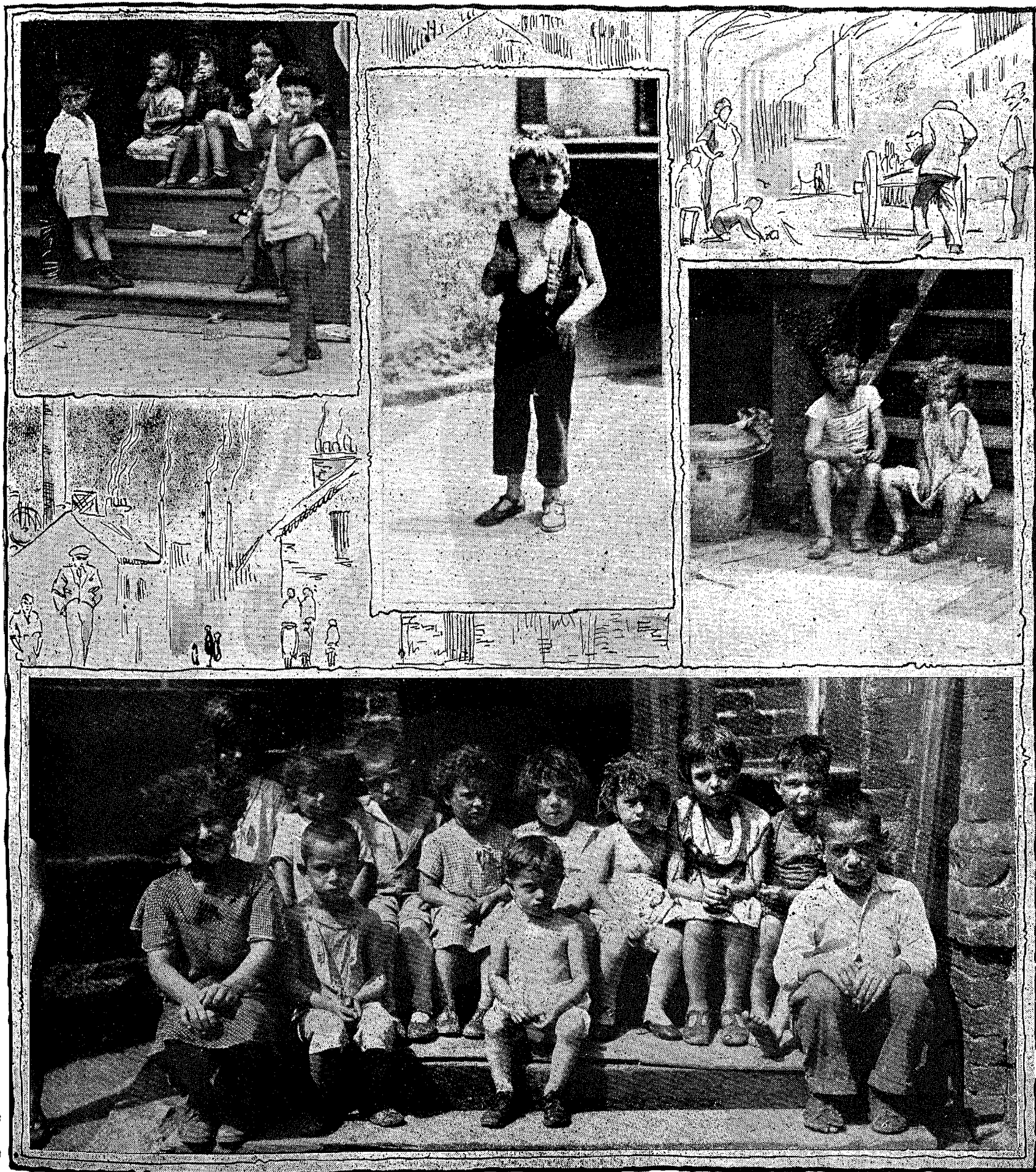
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Edward J. Higgins
General

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JAMES HAY, Commissioner



Why The Army Opened the Jackson's Point Fresh-Air Camp for Boys and Girls. The above Pictures were Snapped in Toronto Last Week

DO YOU FORGIVE AND FORGET?

"The One who is right in his Own Heart is Immune from every Attack of Misrepresentation"

THE boy who, when rebuked for having a bad memory, said: "Yes, I know, but I've got a good 'forgettery,'" expressed perhaps more than he intended.

Upon some occasions, we suggest, to forget is God-like. "Into the sea of forgetfulness," is a phrase we all recall; so is "to be remembered no more for ever." So you see, an unretentive memory may have its value. We remember what we think we will. Almost everything depends upon the thought.

If we are of a revengeful disposition, even mildly so, when an injury is done us, fancied or real, we shall remember it.

On the other hand, if we are kind and just and charitable and generally tolerant if anything goes amiss with us through the fault of another, we shall be indulgent to the defaulter, and the mistake, or whatever it is, will pass from mind, and, very likely, in its place will be the pleasant memory of some redeeming factor in the life of the one concerned.

We ought to remember the good things; yet, is it not often the case that the good things are taken for granted—the benefits forgotten, while the bad things are held in remembrance?

"I remember him," we say, "because——." Then comes the proof that memory has treasured up as something of value an ill-advised word he spoke, or some unfortunate thing he did. The hundred things in which were elements of kindly thought, and the comradely deeds he did, are as though they had never been: but that one angry

or uncharitable word that escaped his lips is held on to by the memory.

Why not forget the wrong, or the fancied wrong, done to us? Judging by the attitude of some, one would think that it is part of New Testament teaching to go hunting for the scalp of all who have done them an injury.

In reality, the one who, with malice aforethought, tries to injure us, injures himself. If our spirit is right, the injury glances off, and—boom—erang-like—bounds back to the sender, a fact, however, which should occasion within us no sense of satisfaction.

The one who is completely at rest, and right in his own heart—in short, whose relationship with God and his fellows is as it should be—is immune from every attack of misrepresentation; he is content, in the company of his Master, to be of "no reputation," and knows full well that in God's time and place his vindication will surely come.

There he is content to leave it, and he knows better—in the best interest of all—than to keep in mind the wrong done against himself. Where, of course, there is a wider implication, it may be right for him to recall the unpleasant thing; but, when he must do so, he does not do it with pleasure, and is glad when the time comes for him to dismiss it from his mind.

Surely it must have been with some such thought in mind that Paul said, "Forgetting those things which are behind." Certainly, when he spoke of forgetting, he could not have desired the

dismissal from memory of the good things that cheer and hearten.

By what we have said it might be assumed by some that the man who carries out, in his daily life, such a high standard of conduct, is unfitted for its rough and tumble experiences, and would be beaten, through the spirit of non-resistance.

Here we hasten to add that we are not advocating non-resistance to evil. Certainly not! As Salvationists we must be unceasing in our attacks upon the World, the Flesh and the Devil. Such a one would, with God's grace, be able to set his face like a flint against every form of iniquity, and would be found able to strike out fearlessly against sin, in no matter what guise it appeared. But, having uttered his scathing anathemas, and having struck out courageously against the sin, there would be found no animus in his heart against the sinner, but rather would he pity him and strive to win him for Christ.

Certainly he would not hold in spiteful remembrance anything of a personal character likely to bring damage and loss and pain to the one whom, sooner or later, he would hope to be able to lead to the Mercy-seat, where may be found the Saviour. It is the Saviour Himself who sets us all a standard of life which is a message to our heart, constraining us to bear in good spirit the disabilities thrust upon us through the sinful or evil deeds of others, and to do our best to help them; to be ever ready, in fact, to forgive and forget.—W.N.

A FOE WE CAN'T FIGHT

"**T**HIS year thou shalt die," and then? Prince Ligne, the great fop, as he felt death approaching, leaped up from his bed and ordered the door closed and locked. But when he saw that would not keep death out, he rolled up his sleeves to fight it! At last, exhausted, he cried: "Back, thou accursed phantom," and fell back, dead. We can't fight that foe successfully. There is only One strong enough to deliver. He hath the keys of death and the grave. To come off conqueror we will need to link our soul with Him.

Our Staccato Serial

THE STORY OF NAAMAN

Told in Picture and Text

No. 13—GEHAZI, THE LEPER



AND he said unto him, "Went not mine heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and olive yards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and men-servants, and maid-servants?"

"The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed forever." And he went out from his presence, a leper as white as snow.

The most important article in this week's "War Cry"

IF YOU earnestly desire to be saved, the way is very plain. No man, woman, or even child of understanding years need say he or she cannot comprehend the way of Salvation. The poet put it simply when he said, "The way to Heaven is straight and plain—repent, believe, be born again." Go down through the valley of Repentance, up the Hill of Faith, and before you is the City of Salvation bathed in glorious sunshine. Could any direction be clearer?

But remember! this is the only way; there are no other roads to Heaven. You may see various signposts about, put up by the Devil to misguide the wayfarer, but you follow them at your peril. The only way is the way God's Guide Book—the Bible—points out.

There must be real repentance, confession and faith in the sacrifice of Jesus Christ. Then you will experience the regenerating work of the Holy Spirit in your heart, and you will find that you are, as Paul puts it, "a new creature"; old things will have passed away, and you will find that all things are become new.

DEPENDENCE

To keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water that makes the willow
thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

The Lord's unsparring hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from Him.

Beware of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say,
"I never will deny Thee, Lord,"
But—"Grant I never may."

Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak
Who trusted in his own.

Retreat beneath His wings,
And in His grace confide!
This more exalts the King of
kings
Than all your works beside.

In Jesus is our store,
Grace issues from His throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

—William Cowper.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

There is but one way in which man can ever help God—that is by letting God help him: and there is no way in which His name is more guiltily taken in vain than by calling the abandonment of our own work, the performance of His.—Ruskin.

If memory cannot ever be emptied of its bitter contents, there is at least, a present purity to be found in Christ.—Dods.

Essence is to be preferred to verbosity.—Pulitzer.

Throw no stones into the well whence you have drunk.—Selected.

Let us not be to any man a cause of peril or of fear.—Seneca.

Why should I fear? Is man stronger than God?—General Gordon.

The moments we forego, Eternity itself cannot retrieve.—Schiller.

Young man, are you sanely or insanely fond of recreation?—Lorimer.

You must live for another if you wish to live for yourself.—Seneca.

DAILY MEDITATIONS

SUNDAY

Scripture reading: Proverbs 1:1-9

A thought for the day:
Some grave their wrongs on marble;
He, more just,
Stooped down serene, and wrote
them on the dust.
Let us sing Song No. 298.

MONDAY

Scripture reading: Proverbs 1:10-19

A thought for the day:
Whoso hearkeneth unto whisperers
shall never find rest, and never dwell
quietly.—Browne.
Let us sing Song No. 256.

TUESDAY

Scripture reading: Proverbs 1:20-33

A thought for the day:
Error always does harm; sooner
or later it will bring mischief to the
man who harbors it.—Schopenhauer.
Let us sing Song No. 229.

WEDNESDAY

Scripture reading: Proverbs 8:1-9

A thought for the day:
Consecration is going out into the
world where God Almighty is, and
using every power for His glory.—
Beecher.
Let us sing Song No. 204.

THURSDAY

Scripture reading: Proverbs 2:10-22

A thought for the day:
What! Know ye the gains of crime
Are dust and dross;
Its ventures on the waves of time
Foredoomed to loss!—Whittier.
Let us sing Song No. 188.

FRIDAY

Scripture reading: Proverbs 3:1-12

A thought for the day:
The moment a man finds a contradiction in himself between his amusements and his humanity, it is a signal that he should give them up.—Leigh Hunt.
Let us sing Song No. 378.

SATURDAY

Scripture reading: Proverbs 3:13-26

A thought for the day:
Great souls are not those who have
fewer passions and more virtues than
the common, but those only who
have greater aims.—La Rochefou-
cauld.
Let us sing Song No. 549.

OUR SHORT SERIAL

A Marco-Polo of Salvationism

A Canada East "War Cry" Representative Interviews a Passing Wanderer and Captures a Story Packed With Romance and Adventure Linking Canada With Roumania

START TO READ HERE:

Wesley Hranluc, a young Roumanian immigrant, is left stranded in Montreal, where he obtains his first job, at \$2.00 a month. An enterprising young fellow, he is not content until he has thoroughly mastered the English language and obtained a fair education. He eventually gets lucrative work—but does not find satisfaction, until he is converted in a Salvation Army meeting. He becomes an Army Officer, and after opening one Corps in Western Canada, is despatched to Southern Saskatchewan as a Salvationist outrider.

An eight months' furlough was granted to the Ensign, during which time he took a trip to his Homeland. Limited finance imposed strictest economy on his expenditure. He worked his way across the Atlantic on a cattle boat, and earned enough money in England to pay for his journey through Europe.

At Epotesti, his native Roumanian village, Ensign Hranluc learned of the conversion of over one hundred villagers, as a result of the reading of a Bible which, years before, he had sent to his father. The first convert was his uncle, who endured much persecution, but persevered in his belief until the Bible-faith was spread far and wide. All the while the village priest looked on the new movement with high disfavor, and in an interview he had with the Salvationist threatened his life unless he left the town immediately.

CHAPTER VI

Thwarted by Kindness

A BROADSIDE of priestly imprecations followed Hranluc into the dark night. An involuntary shudder swept over him as he thought of the small chance he had of seeing another eventide should the priest pursue his diabolical purpose.

He made his way cautiously through the streets toward his home. Suddenly, as he was passing a saloon, a door shot open, and a dazzling stream of light punctuated the blackness, only to be blurred for an instant by the reeling figure of a man, whom the landlord neatly ejected into the thoroughfare. Having accomplished the eviction to his apparent satisfaction, he bade Hranluc a curt "good-night" and disappeared, closing the door behind him. In the darkness the Ensign groped about until he came upon the prostrate form of the drunkard. The poor wretch was intoxicated to the point of helplessness, and it was only by dint of much questioning that Hranluc discovered in what part of the place he lived.

Grasping hold of the fellow, the

Ensign half-carried and half-dragged him through the streets toward a distant quarter of the town. There was a light in the house when the strange pair arrived, and the rescuer, after pounding upon the door, threw it open and hauled his capture into the room.

"There you are," he exclaimed, espying the drunkard's son. "It's your father. You had better get him to bed."

The son, a great burly fellow, rose from his chair, mouth agape with astonishment.

"You—you help my father?" he cried in wonder. "You—so kind and—and—I meant to kill you!"

The Tool

For fully a minute silence reigned in the room, a tense, astonished silence. Slowly the full truth dawned upon Hranluc's mind. It was this fellow whom the priest had selected to rid the world of the hated heretic.

A terrible struggle was going on in the would-be-murderer's heart, and Hranluc saw it registered in his face. He looked from the huddled, unkempt form on the floor to the Ensign, then back to the form again.

"I can't do it," he declared at last, with an effort. "Priest or no priest, I can't do it. You were kind—kind to him. I shall be your friend."

It was a strangely silent Wesley Hranluc who went into the still star-light for the second time that evening. With head bared he looked up to the Heavens and marvelled in his soul before the wondrous leadings of God.

There was not another individual in Epotesti who would undertake the priest's homicidal commission, despite his tempting offer of absolutions a-plenty, so he had to sit down before the advance of the heretical movement and bite his fingers in impotent rage.

A New Hope

The Ensign continued the Salvation meetings with greater vigor than ever, and so kind-hearted and exemplary was he that he won the affection and esteem of virtually the whole populace. There were many who blessed the day that he set foot in their village, for it brought to them a new hope and enlarged spiritual vision.

The little Christian community grew by leaps and bounds. There came one happy day when a Salvation Army enrolment actually took

place and Stephen Laduic and his wife were the first Roumanians to become Salvationists in their own land. Brother Laduic was commissioned as Sergeant-Major of the embryo Corps. These comrades are praying daily that God will open up the way for The Army to commence operations in their beloved land.

The day of Hranluc's farewell from the village on his return to Canada, was marked by a powerful demonstration of the hold he had obtained in the village during his few months sojourn there. Practically the whole town was at the station, and with tears and hand-waving and urges to come again, they bade him adieu.

"Take our Salvation love to The Army people of Canada," said the new Soldiers. "Tell them that we thank God that they helped you to get saved, for that meant our Salvation as well. Tell them, too, that they must send you back again, for we must have a Captain."

The Ensign adopted very much



the same tactics on his return trip as he had practiced on the outward journey. He had opportunity to see The Army in operation in Czechoslovakia, Germany, and Belgium, and again made the Atlantic crossing in a cattle-boat.

Having returned to the Canada West Territory, the Ensign is now reconnoitering at Fort Churchill with a view to opening an Army Corps. This will be one of the most northerly outposts of Salvation Army activity in the Western Hemisphere, and we are sure that the prayers of our readers will follow our pioneering comrade in this new chapter of single-handed pioneering.

(Conclusion)

A Near Tragedy in a Kraal

An Army Missionary in Southern Rhodesia Recounts an Item in the Day's Program

TOWARDS the close of a hot African day I was driving comfortably along a dusty bush track, feeling on good terms with the world. I was tired, but felt my fatigue only with a sense of satisfaction. I had inspected two kraal schools that day, and was happily anticipating some restful evening hours at Rusenza Kraal before the final inspection of the tour on the following morning.

My surroundings contributed to my joy—how could they do otherwise? The Mashonaland hills, with their fantastic rock piles, can never fail to please. On every side they reared themselves from out of the green bush, colorful and charming. Rocks piled high upon each other as though a giant hand had played at building, and left the game unfinished; towering granite walls, rising sheer from the earth, with isolated boulders balancing on their crests in unaccountable fashion—always ready to fall, yet never falling; mighty rocks cleft in two as from the stroke of a Goliathan sword, stray, rounded boulders littering the bush, rolled in confusion by mighty fingers—truly a giant's playground!

And then the far-reaching bush, with its little kraals disclosing their circular thatched roofs at intervals along the way.

And the way itself, hardly a highway, seldom level, and abounding with stones, holes, and hollows, dried up water-courses and tree-stumps, yet attractive for that very reason.

The car sped steadily on, leaving a trail of rising white dust, then suddenly slipped into a wide clearing where thatched Hall and huts proclaimed the conclusion of the day's journey.

The Sick Mother

Even as I sat for some moments in the car, I saw hastening toward me some old kraal men, attracted by the sound of the engine. They sought help! In a kraal nearby a young mother was lying dangerously sick.

They led me to a hut, and stooping, I entered through the low door.

On the earthen floor in the centre of the hut burned a low fire. The

smoke from the smouldering wood was curling upward, seeking to escape, and finding no outlet but the low door. Kraal huts have no windows and their occupants seem to live in a perpetual smoky haze. Beyond the fire lay the girl, stretched out on the earthen floor. She was quite unsupported, with but a dirty blanket half covering her body.

I bent over her, amazed at the childishness of her appearance. Girlish pleasures and girlish freedom should still have been hers. She seemed in great pain, and almost insensible to the happenings around her.

Life in the Kraal

Children crawled about the dirty floor, looking around with curiosity, unconscious that they were witnessing a tragedy. The mysteries of life and death are laid bare to the kraal child in earliest infancy. In such an atmosphere, midst such surroundings, the girl's life flickered fitfully, agony racking her young body.

Rapid action was imperative! Only an immediate journey to "Howard" could save her. Skilled attention longer denied, she must slowly die. Objections to her removal were raised by some of the old people. Prejudice in the native breast dies hard, and custom, though evil and impotent, clings. Grass was procured and placed on the floor of the car, and the girl, with some difficulty, laid thereon. Her old mother, holding in her arms a baby, accompanied us.

The car sped on! The miles between us and succor became fewer! The buildings of the Institute showed in the distance! Skill was at hand, thank God! In the care of the Dispensary Officer she was speedily treated, and pronounced out of danger. The shadow of premature death sped away!

With a light heart, if with a somewhat tired body, I drove back to the kraal under a glorious African moon. The heat of the day was forgotten; the cool night air rushing past was as the elixir of life itself. The hills were clothed with sombre majesty, the bush wrapped in a profound silence. Infinite peace seemed to brood over each dark kraal.—V.P.



No. IV—THE SADHU

IT IS computed that there are 3,000,000 Sadhus (holy men) in India. They are a strange class; some, no doubt, sincere; but many utter rogues given up to dishonesty and immorality.

One night I was taking my evening stroll. On a big and busy street, all aglow with light from shops, and all as well with scents from filth of every kind, I was suddenly attracted by a strange noise. I made my way towards the spot from whence it proceeded. There was a Sadhu, almost naked, lying on his back on the pavement, his begging bowl and fire-tongs lying by him, his pallet of dirty rags under his head.

Indian Glimpses

By Brigadier H. Pimm Smith,
Bombay

He lay as though he were not conscious of what he was doing, yet he was working hard. With a loud gurgling sound he expelled his breath until his body had shrunk to a bare frame covered with a taut skin—ghastly. Then with an explosive sound, far louder than his gurgle, he refilled his lungs, his stomach distended like a small football, and his whole frame shook.

I watched him for some time in deep sadness. Why was he doing this? It was a religious exercise; probably a money-making exercise, too. How dark the mind of man when God does not control it. Seneca says: "Without God there is no great man." We might just as truly say: "Without God—nothing!"



THE BATTLE

OF WATERLOO

WATERLOO (Ensign Collins, Lieutenants Bateman, Vose and Rodgers) — "The Battle of Waterloo." The people of this town were astonished to see this sign in the store windows recently. On Saturday night the battle commenced. The Salvation Army had opened fire — and a rousing Open-air was led by Brigadier Macdonald and Commandant Galway. Commandant Beecroft and Brother Mark Black, of Toronto, were also welcome visitors.

Sunday was a day of blessing, and our meetings were well attended.

The Young People have not been overlooked, a Company meeting being held on Sunday afternoon, and a Young People's meeting on Monday.

On Monday night a public meeting resulted in two seekers for reconsecration. We are believing for great things at Waterloo! — M.L.R.

147 AT LATE OPEN-AIR

RIVERDALE (Captain and Mrs. Pilfrey, Lieutenant Wood) — Last week-end we welcomed our new Commanding Officers. On Saturday night a large crowd stood about the Open-air.

In the morning we had the joy of seeing one comrade kneel at the Cross, and consecrate himself afresh to God. The good fight was continued throughout the day, finishing up in the park, on Sunday evening. There were 147 comrades in this final Open-air. A large crowd stood and listened. — D.McL.

COTTAGE MEETING

ORANGEVILLE (Captain Holmes, Lieutenant Stevens) — On Wednesday we held a cottage meeting. In spite of it being a public holiday, the attendance was very good. God's presence was very near, and we gained great blessing and inspiration. — "Enduring Faith."

THE ISLAND CORPS

LITTLE CURRENT (Captain Monk, Lieutenant Thompson) — Last week we welcomed our new Officers. The Sunday meetings were well attended. One person claimed Salvation, and prayed and testified at the weekly prayer-meeting.

The Young People's work is making progress. — J.S.

SHAMROCK AND MAPLE

WOODBINE (Captain Edmondson, Lieutenant Simester) — Sunday was the occasion of a visit to this Corps by Adjutant and Mrs. McBain. Their talks and vocal duets were blessedly used both in the indoor and Open-air services. During the Salvation meeting at night, a welcome to this Corps was extended to Sister Clark, formerly of Lisburn Corps, Ireland. — "Caplieu."

ONE CAPTURE

St. STEPHEN (Commandant and Mrs. Sanford) — We were very pleased to welcome back on Sunday,

VETERANS AT VERDUN

Colonel Adby (R) is Supported by Well-Known Comrades

COLONEL ADBY (R) conducted a series of meetings on Friday, Saturday and Sunday last. He gave a lecture on "Hymns, and their writers," on Friday night, which was appreciated by the audience.

The Open-air work during the week-end was very inspiring. Much blessing came in the Holiness meeting, and the Citadel was filled Sunday evening, and although the temperature was very high, for two hours and a half the congregation enjoyed the Colonel's singing and talks. One person, after a struggle, surrendered. Two backsliders were under deep conviction. The Band and Songster Brigade rendered splendid service.

Colonel Hargrave (R), Brigadier Knight, Brigadier Byers (R), and Adjutant and Mrs. Boshier assisted the Colonel throughout the day.

VOICES FROM VERANDA

GREENWOOD (Captain Royle, Lieutenant Whale) — Founder's Day meetings were led by Ensign Dunkley and women Officers of the Training Garrison Staff. In the Holiness meeting, which was well-attended, the message of the Ensign was full of inspiration. The two afternoon Open-air attacks brought much conviction and blessing to the people. Two women were heard to exclaim from the veranda of their house, "That Open-air meeting blessed our souls!"

At night, says our correspondent, we had a full house, and the message, touching the life of the Founder, was followed by a mighty prayer-battle. Four precious souls surrendered. After this there was a real stirring wind-up, and the comrades went home singing songs of victory.

FAREWELL—WELCOME

WEST TORONTO (Adjutant McLean, Adjutant Hayward, Lieutenant Gooding) — After a year's stay Commandant and Mrs. Laing were given a good send-off, with best wishes for the future. Then came Adjutant McLean, Adjutant Hayward and Lieutenant Gooding. Their first week-end was full of blessing, and the whole-hearted way in which they have been deservedly received augurs well for a God-honoring stay in this Corps. Hallelujah!

OUTPOST CAMPAIGN

DUNNVILLE (Captain Smith, Lieutenant Ball) — We have welcomed our new Officers. Comrades are rallying in splendid fashion. Two Open-air were held on the business streets Saturday night.

We are planning to visit our Outpost frequently during the summer months. — J. Harris.

MARCHING ON

WELLAND (Ensign and Mrs. Capson) — We said farewell to our Officers on Wednesday. Mr. Rode, on behalf of the friends of The Army, spoke in very high terms of Captain Zarfas, and his work in Welland.

On Saturday we welcomed our new Officers. — P.C.

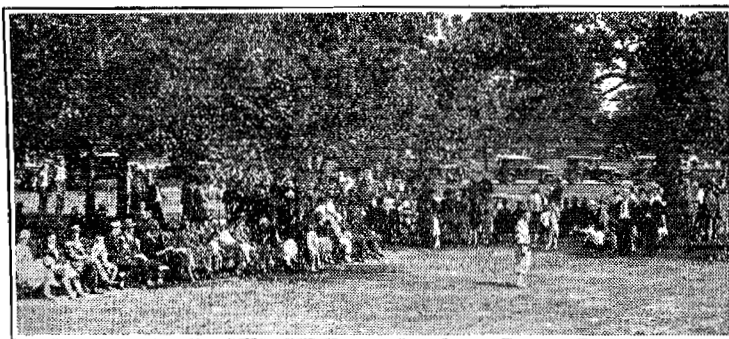
HER FIRST TOUCH

WINDSOR III (Adjutants Johnson and Thornton) — We have said farewell to Captain and Mrs. Janaway and welcomed our new Officers.

One woman, who had never been in an Army meeting before, was greatly blessed in the Sunday night service. — Optimism.

REACHING THE OPEN-AIR CROWDS

PICTURES OF THE ARMY IN ACTION ARE WANTED



"THE WAR CRY" invites comrades possessing a camera to forward for reproduction in these pages snapshots of Army activity in their locality. We are especially anxious to obtain pictures of Summer Open-air work, in the streets, parks, and pleasure resorts where The Army is carrying the Salvation message to the people in the great outdoors. Acknowledgment of the sender will be made in the case of each picture used. Let the world know what your Corps is doing.

WELCOME SALUTES

MONTREAL CITADEL (Commandant and Mrs. Speller) — Our newly-appointed Officers were welcomed with open arms, figuratively speaking, in a meeting called for this purpose on Saturday night. Expressions of loyalty and allegiance were given by a number of comrades representing the various branches of the Corps, while a warm welcome was extended on behalf of the Officers of the Division by Staff-Captain Ursaki. Lieut.-Colonel Burrows directed the service.

Both the Commandant and his wife assured the comrades of their determination to do their best in their new sphere.

Mrs. Speller delighted the gathering with a solo. On Sunday helpful services were held and good attendances were recorded at each meeting. — F. J. Knights.

HOSPITAL ZEALOTS

DARTMOUTH (Captain and Mrs. Selva) — Last Sunday Staff-Captain Aldridge and Captain Burrows, from Grace Hospital, Halifax, conducted the meetings.

We have said farewell to Captain and Mrs. F. Tilley. On Tuesday night a farewell supper was given in their honor and a large crowd was present. — C.W.

Sister Annie Whynott, who has been laid aside in the local hospital for some time past. We thank God for her recovery.

On Sunday we welcomed Commandant and Mrs. Sanford as our new Corps Officers. At the close of the meeting one person sought Salvation. — T.D.

SALVATION in the SQUARE

GUELPH (Commandant and Mrs. Laing) — Rolling thunder, occasional torrents of rains and vivid lightning did not deter the Guelph stalwarts from being present on Thursday night to extend greetings to their new Officers, Commandant and Mrs. Laing. Every branch of the Corps was represented, including a good turnout of the Band. The speakers included Sergeant-Major Ede, Treasurer Ryder, Bandmaster White, Young People's Sergeant-Major Fletcher, Mrs. Envoy Dawson, and the leaders of other departments, both Senior and Junior.

Commandant and Mrs. Laing were warm in their appreciation of the splendid welcome accorded them.

Saturday night's Open-air deserves special mention; the large crowd which gathered at the Post Office was very deeply interested in the service. Some straight Gospel truth was given, and we believe some eternal good was accomplished. — J. Ryder.

NEW DIVISIONAL LEADER

Returns to Home Corps

DOVERCOURT (Field-Major and Mrs. Ellsworth) — That Major Frank Ham, newly-appointed Divisional Commander for the Toronto West Division, should spend his first Sunday in his new command at Dovercourt, was to be expected, for did he not thereby come home? And is not his father, Treasurer Ham, a Soldier with us. Those old comrades who remembered the time, twenty-one years' ago, when Candidate Frank Ham left his home Corps to follow the God-marked trail, were on hand to welcome him back as the Divisional Commander, joining with other Soldiers and friends to give him a real welcome home.

A colorful touch in the morning Open-air exercises was the parade, in full regalia, of the Life-Saving Scout Troop, whose very presence was very pleasing. The Major, during the indoor service, made reference to the Founder's life and service. His address, given later, was of much help to all.

The afternoon musical service in Willowvale Park was a service of inspiration to the increasing crowd that gathered.

The night meeting was well attended in spite of humidity and threatening storm. Those who braved this two-fold threat received heavenly measure, pressed down and running over.

The visiting Divisional Commander was accompanied by the highly-esteemed Canada East "War Cry" Editor of former years, Colonel J. Bond, who was joyfully received, and happily at home on our platform. The Colonel gave a highly-interesting talk on the Founder, and our hearts were stirred to the depths as he spoke of our beloved first General from personal reminiscence and experience. Old and young received inspiration from the recital that must remain with them for years to come.

The Major's address on the four imperatives, was a Spirit-directed effort, owned of God in the blessing of the hearers. Tender reference and prayer was made, morning and evening, on behalf of the two families which have suffered bereavement by the passing away of Sister Curtis and Brother Albert Cutler.

AN EARLY-DAY MEMORY

Forty years ago Captain Jenkins and Captain Carpenter visited Water-down, Ont. Just a little way out of Hamilton, and started an Outpost. Staff-Captain Boddy used to make an occasional visit, which was always looked forward to with great delight. The following song was all the go at that time, and the writer has sung it a good many times since.

"The Salvation Army for Me."

The Salvation Army throughout the Dominion
Poor sinners of all kinds to Jesus is bringing,
They're making the earth a real heaven to live in—
The Salvation Army for me.

Then quick march, The Army so clever,
We fight for King Jesus in wet or dry weather,
We all flock together like birds of a feather—
The Salvation Army for me.

The drunkard, the jail-bird, the thief and the Liar,
Upsetting The Army was once their desire,
They're singing by thousands since dug from the mire—
The Salvation Army for me.

The Pharisees, Scribes, and respectable sinners,
Say it is too awful to hear new beginners,
But the Saviour has washed them and made them soul-winners—
The Salvation Army for me.

If perchance this, our song, should make some feel offended,
"God bless you," I'm sure that I never intended
Your feelings to hurt; but excuses can't mend it—
The Salvation Army for me.

—Thomas Harris (Blind Tommy),
Langstaffe, Ont.

THE CHANGING FAMILY LIFE

CAUSE FOR GENUINE ALARM IN MANY QUARTERS

DURING the past thirty years family life has undergone a great change. The many outside attractions and travelling facilities by which a large range of evening entertainment can be reached, have robbed many homes of the happy gatherings of a generation ago.

The piano, the gramophone, and the radio have failed to provide a sufficiently strong counter-attraction to the many appeals that take the young from their own homes.

Generally speaking children are better educated and are provided with hobbies at once more expensive and advanced than their fathers knew, and with the increase of knowledge, and a real or imagined superiority, father's opinion is not now always bound to be accepted as of any value, while mother's notions about "early to bed and early to rise," lady-like accomplishments, the conducting of courtships, and so forth, are inclined to be vetoed by the younger generation as being old-fashioned and obsolete.

New Generation of Parents

Not least responsible for the change in family life is the fact that "a new generation of parents" has taken the field. There is less of the unreasoning restraint which says to a child "you must not do it, and you must not ask why!" and this has, perhaps, developed an ungrateful independence on the part of the children.

For whatever reasons genuine alarm has arisen in many quarters regarding the trend of family life, and thousands of people are in doubt as to which course they shall adopt. Shall the new ideas be allowed to dis-

pose the old? Shall they give in to impetuous youth and risk disaster from too little control, or shall they withstand the movement toward parental relaxation and risk an irreparable breakaway on the part of children unwilling to accept their ideas?

Many of our readers are among those seeking some counsel on the matter, and it will interest them to recall some of the Founder's words which can be accepted by all—Salvationists or not.

The Founder's Reminder

Regarding religion at home the Founder's converts were reminded that, "At home the nature of a man usually comes out freely. Whatever restraints may lead him to act a part when in the world or among his comrades, the real man will be seen when he gets into his own family," and that, "A man can hardly be said to have any religion at all if he is not religious in his own home." The Founder particularly insisted that whether a Soldier's relationship to the family was that of a servant, a son, a daughter, a brother or a sister, the Salvationist should cheerfully share the temporal burdens of the home and should help in any poverty, affliction or sorrow suffered by the family. A suggestion he made, would, if more widely adopted to-day, prevent a great amount of suffering and disappointment. He said, "No engagement should be made, and no marriage take place between parties who have not a reasonable prospect of maintaining themselves and their families, when married, in decent comfort."

In some quarters outside The Army there is need to emphasize William Booth's words regarding the duties

of the head of a household. "Amongst other things, he must understand that he is specially answerable for the temporal well-being of the household; that is, for the maintenance of the home, and the making of due provision for supplying every member of the house with sufficient food, raiment, and other necessities . . . He is answerable for the maintenance of discipline. . . He should not allow open wickedness inside the house, if he can prevent it."

The relationship of parents and children is one on which it is difficult to lay down hard-and-fast rules. To what extent a parent may safely be a despot to his children; how much can he safely leave to their own judgment and decision; to what extent he must recognize that they are separate individuals with wills, desires, and aspirations entirely their own? and many other questions are difficult to answer, but the advice given to early-day Salvationists is applicable to all parents to-day.

A Sacred Trust

"Children must be regarded by their parents as a sacred trust from God. To be trained in such a manner as is most likely to promote their present and future happiness." To attain this end Soldiers were (and are) instructed to avoid anything in the way of dress, furniture, and household arrangements likely to lead the children in the way of the world . . . Children should, from their earliest years, be encouraged in every way to talk freely on spiritual matters and to express aloud in prayer and speech what they really feel. Children should be encouraged to frankly confess their faults, and to make new starts (Continued on page 12)

When the Roll is Called up Wonder They'll be There

BRO. GEORGE WHEELER, Greenspond

Greenspond Corps has lost a much-loved comrade in Brother George Wheeler, who has been called to his Heavenly Home. He was a great sufferer, but had a firm trust in his God. Our Brother leaves a wife, two daughters and six sons, one of whom as an Officer, Captain George Wheeler, of Jackson's Cove.

The funeral service was conducted by Ensign and Mrs. Rideout. The service was largely attended. On the following Sunday night a very impressive memorial service was conducted for our departed comrade, when several comrades spoke of his godly life.

Our prayers are with the bereaved family. — Corps Sergeant-Major A. Oakley.

BRO. DAVID LESSELS, Belleville

Band Reservist David Lessels has passed to his Eternal Reward. We cannot say he is dead; he has only just begun to live. We shall miss him much, but we shall meet again.

During the past forty years David Lessels has labored in the ranks of The Salvation Army, serving in Scotland, England and Canada as Officer, Bandsman and Young People's Sergeant-Major. We knew him as the little man with the kind heart, the wee Scottie with a tender soul, small of stature, but great in purpose. He was charitable without counting the cost, always smiling, however difficult his circumstances. His bright countenance was a tonic to us all. He was an indefatigable worker, conscientious, and courageous. Saved by the Blood, he was sound in doc-

trine, a Salvationist of the best type, faithful unto death. He left us an example of intelligent simplicity, combined with eager sincerity of heart.

Now he has gone from our midst, gone to hear the great "Well done." His reward is with him. Hallelujah! —A.B.

BRO. JOHN VINCENT, Halifax II

Death has removed from our Corps one of our oldest Soldiers, Brother John Vincent, who served God faithfully under The Army Colors for more than forty years. He was enrolled in Newfoundland and transferred to Halifax II Corps thirty-six years ago.

Our comrade has been in failing health for a long period but attended the meetings whenever his health permitted him to do so. He always gave a bright, earnest testimony to God's saving and keeping powers. Very humbly, our comrade would tell of his conversion; it always seemed so wonderful to him that God had saved a sinner like him. On the last Sunday before his passing, he attended the Holiness meeting and remarked in his testimony that perhaps the Call would come suddenly to him, but he had no fear.

On Thursday evening, while walking downstairs in his home, he was called Home unexpectedly.

The funeral service was held on Saturday afternoon, conducted by Commandant Cavender. Brigadier Tilley was also present and took part, and the Band rendered helpful service. On Sunday evening the Hall was packed to capacity for the memorial service. Sergeant-Major Mills and Secretary Dowling spoke

of the life and character of our promoted comrade, paying a fine tribute to his worth and faithfulness to God and The Army. In the prayer-meeting five seekers sought and found Salvation. Deepest sympathy is felt for the bereaved wife. God will sustain her.—M.S.

SISTER MRS. GEROW, Halifax II

The Call has come to one of our most faithful workers, Sister Mrs. Bessie Gerow. Our comrade's passing came unexpectedly to her family and friends. Without any warning the summons came at the Grace Hospital, and with her little infant son she passed to her Reward.

Beloved by all, the death of our young comrade came as a great shock to everyone. A little less than two years ago she was married to Brother Walter Gerow. They were looking forward to many years of happiness, but our Heavenly Father has willed it otherwise.

Sister Mrs. Gerow was a splendid type of young Salvationist, serving God with a beautiful, humble spirit. She will be greatly missed in our Corps, especially in the Young People's work, and the Home League, of which she was the efficient Secretary.

The funeral took place on Monday afternoon from the residence of her sister, Mrs. Allan, and was largely attended. Brigadier Tilley conducting the service, assisted by Commandant Cavender.

The memorial service, on Sunday evening, was conducted by Brigadier Tilley, the Hall being packed to capacity long before the meeting opened. Commandant Cavender spoke of our comrade's faithfulness in her

work, and appealed earnestly for someone to yield themselves to God and fill her place. Sergeant-Major Mill, Young People's Sergeant-Major Frank Roberts, and others paid beautiful tributes to our comrade's memory. Brigadier Tilley spoke of the faithful life of our comrade and of her powerful influence, and in the prayer-meeting three souls found Salvation.

The sympathy of the entire Corps is with the distressed husband and the other members of the family. May God be their sufficiency.—Maude Stingle.

SISTER MRS. GODDARD, St. Catharines

Sister Mrs. Goddard has gone to her Rest. The funeral service was conducted by Adjutant and Mrs. Hart, assisted by Field-Majors Osborne and Mercer. A great crowd assembled at the Citadel to pay their respects to our departed comrade. Sister Mrs. Goddard was converted thirty-seven years ago at Norwich I, in England. Since coming to this country, eighteen years ago, she served faithfully as a Soldier, being Publications and Visiting Sergeant, a work which she loved dearly.

For eight years she has been laid aside through an accident, but through it all has shown wonderful patience and a firm trust in her Saviour. The Rev. Mr. Harris, of Powassan, journeyed three hundred miles to pay respect to the one who helped him back to God when he returned from overseas. He spoke very feelingly, and said if it had been double the distance he would have come just the same. Field-Major Mercer spoke of the faithful life and loyal service of our comrade.



FOR OUR HOMEMAKERS

Just a Little Cooking for God's Glory

A Neighbor's Tribute to a Loving Heart

When the wife of an Army Officer was recently taken from his side a neighbor wrote a letter to her memory. Part of this we print herewith, as a standard by which our readers may judge themselves.

Your sphere of usefulness may be limited. Your talents may be few, but if you can live to earn such a tribute as this, the world will be glad to have known you.

IT SEEMS as though her life was wrapped up in the words, "I thought." She seemed always to be thinking of some one. I can see her now, ploughing down the street, 'mid deep snowdrifts; "Where are you bound for on such a terrible day?" "Oh, well, you know Mrs. So-and-So has lost a child, so I thought I would just go to the funeral." "But why bother about them? They are very bitter toward The Army, and you would get no welcome." "Yes, dear, I know," would be the reply. "That is why I am going." Is it any wonder that four months later Brother So-and-So came back to God?

And so it was all along the way. It seemed that she was always thinking of and for some one. Her neighbors, oh, how they loved and respected her! She was to them a monument of service given through love. A little seven-year-old boy neighbor, when being told of her passing, said, "Oh, isn't it a shame," and with all the solemnity of his years, "She did make such good cookies!" Even his little mind had caught the idea of her generous, loving heart.

In those terrible days when the in-

fluenza was rampant, how many times we would hear the knock at the door, and there would be a little luxury to tempt the invalid's appetite. Always she had the same excuse, "I was just doing a little cooking, and I thought you might perhaps enjoy a little bit of it."

We shall never forget that day when the clouds hung low in our home, and the angels came and took our precious little one from us. Oh, how our hearts did ache, and we wondered if she knew. It was Council time, and she was so busy, that we would not trouble her. It had all come so suddenly, so it was perfectly excusable if our neighbor did not come. But she heard of our sadness and quickly came. Oh, how our hearts were strengthened by her counsel, and we praised God for such a friend and neighbor who could come into our home spreading such wise and loving kindness around, and always before leaving commending us in prayer. She always seized that opportunity to pray with people, and this is not always an easy thing.

"I shall never forget," said another neighbor, "how she prayed with me whenever she called to see me."

Don't Dodge Children's Awkward Questions

A PARENTS' PROBLEM USEFULLY DISCUSSED

THE other day a schoolmaster, who is now a cartoonist, and has as nimble and merry a wit as any lover of children I have met, told me how his child had disconcerted him in a short talk about God. The child was about six, just the age when children do tie parents up in knots.

This father was, however, more courageous than most, who, I fear, run away from awkward questions.

"Who is God?" asked the child.

The father thought for a moment, and then had a bright idea.

"God is a kind 'daddy' who takes care of everyone, especially the children who are with Him in Heaven."

That, parents will agree, was a neat answer, but the worst of it is, one question leads to another. It was not long before the father was struggling to answer this one:

"Do the children have jam for tea in Heaven?"

Childish queries are easy to dispose of if one isn't courageous. One can always say: "Don't ask too many questions." Or, "Run along to your mother, now." But that is not a fair way to treat an inquiring child. An answer (however inadequate) ought to be given.

The Wise Parent

Parents love to explain about buses and aeroplanes, and what an elephant feeds on, but they hate the intimate, but very sensible, questions.

"How was I born?" should never be met by silly stories about gooseberry bushes. Wise is the parent who will say, at once: "God sent you." Such an answer will suffice a little child until it is eight, at least. And then there should be simple instruction—as much as is necessary, and a little more year by year. Drifting up into knowledge is so dangerous and ignorance is by no means innocence.

The "God" question should never be handed over wholly to the Sunday School authorities. A child's first prayers should be said in the family circle, and its gropings in the realm of thought should be assisted, too. It is impossible, in the space of a short article, to give ready-made answers to the questions that children fire at parents. I can only outline the way in which they should be given.

SOMETHING COOL and GOOD

Try this Rhubarb Whip

Calls for two cupfuls of early rhubarb cut in small pieces and cooked with a quarter teaspoonful of grated orange peel and a quarter cupful of sugar and just enough water to prevent burning. Cool, and whip in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs and half a cupful of whipped cream. Chill thoroughly and serve in glasses, topping each with a strawberry or preserved cherry. A custard made with the yolks of the eggs may be used with this and the whipped cream omitted.

WHETHER

AT HOME

OR ON

HOLIDAY

Never say a word that will have, one day, to be unsaid, for that will give the child an impression, later on, that it was not answered truthfully. Simple conceptions of spiritual things may be implanted in a child's mind by earthly symbols. For instance, you may speak of Heaven as "up above." Thus a child is taught to look upwards to God.

You can speak of God as the "kind Father." A child cannot understand anything about "Spirit." It must clothe the spiritual things in human garb. Never be shocked at such questions as: "Is there jam in Heaven?" Translate the jam-consciousness into something a little bigger, and speak of death as a beautiful birthday, when true joy is given us. Or as "going up" in God's school.

Always make quite sure that your words have been understood. Most



New Liskeard Home Leaguers with Captain and Mrs. Underhill, who have just farewelled. The League was only formed seven months ago and is making most encouraging progress. Several members are absent from the above group

of us grow up with the queerest mental twists. "There is a green hill far away, without a city wall." I never could make out why there was no city wall, until at last I learned, when I was quite grown up, that without meant outside.—D.C.

A USEFUL RECIPE

Poor Man's Pudding Frappe

One-half cup rice; 5 cups milk; ½ cup sugar; ½ teaspoon salt; ½ teaspoon vanilla; 1 cup whipped cream ¼ cup candied ginger.

Wash the rice well, then mix it with the milk, sugar and salt, pour into a baking pan and place in a very moderate oven, 300 degrees, to bake from two to three hours. Stir frequently for the first hour, then add the vanilla and finish baking without stirring. Chill thoroughly, skim off the crust and fold in the ginger cut in tiny pieces and half the whipped cream. Chill before serving.

WHAT DO YOU EAT?

The grown-ups daily menu should contain the following:

One pint of milk, either as a beverage or as a part of soup, sauces, main dishes, desserts, etc.

At least two generous servings of "green" vegetables such as carrots, lettuce, spinach, string-beans, cabbage, tomatoes, one served raw, if possible.

One potato a day, for its iron content.

One serving of fresh fruit raw, if possible.

For energy, breads, starchy vegetables, cereals, desserts, butter, and cream to complete the menus.

Plenty of water.

If you are overweight, cut down on the foods listed under "Energy." If you are under-weight, increase these foods gradually and use a quart of milk a day.

TRY ONCE MORE

"This theory of governing children by appealing to their reason isn't all it's made out to be," said a worried school teacher. "A youngster needs a good spanking once in a while."

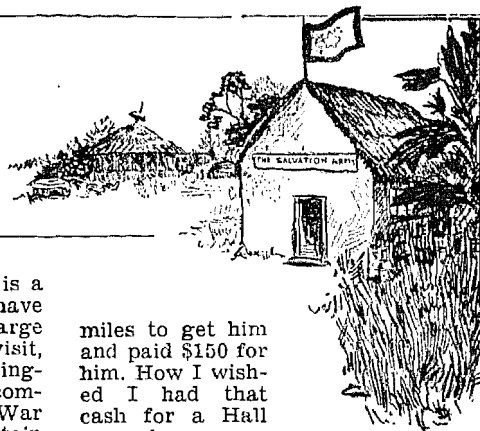
"One of my boys had skipped his classes, deceived his mother, been found out, and caused much unhappiness all round. I took him aside, and we had a heart-to-heart talk. Johnny sat still, looking at me intently."

"I thought I was making great headway. I never saw a child who seemed so absorbed, even fascinated by my line of argument. But you never can tell. Just as I had reached the climax in my appeal to his better self, a light of discovery broke over John's face."

"Please, teacher," he said, eagerly, "it's your lower jaw that moves, isn't it?"

ON TREK ON THE GOLD COAST

"The Army Flag is Flying in the Bush," says Adjutant Ashby, a Canadian Missionary, who writes this interesting account of Campaigning.



FROM Adjutant Arthur Ashby, our old Canadian comrade, comes the following report of a recent tour in the Gold Coast, of West Africa, of which Division he has charge:

"Mrs. Ashby and I have just returned from a very wonderful tour, and God has blessed us much. We were away altogether eleven days. Captain Ussher met us at Kibi and then went on with us to the societies attached to his Corps.

"At Apapapam the comrades gave us a great welcome and after our interview with the chief, a huge Open-air was conducted. On Sunday morning we dedicated sixty-six adults and young people, and there is excellent promise of a good Corps.

"Pano was our next stop. This is a very small place, but the comrades are very anxious about the work. The Sergeant in charge of Asiakwa attends to the work here also. A fine bamboo Hall has been built here.

"Asiakwa is a real live place. A very large bamboo Hall has been built and I saw the chief of the place about a very large piece of land they are going to give us. Here we had five dedications.

The Real Spirit

"At Nsutum the Captain has also had a bamboo Hall built, and the Work is doing very well. Most of the converts are young people here, who have got the real spirit. We had nineteen dedications.

"At Gyidem we had a wonderful meeting; all the village turned out. At this place we had to leave our car and penetrate the bush, and we all managed somehow to get across. The narrow path led us on and on until we came to a river with high banks. There was no way of fording over, as the water was deep, and the only bridge was a long tree trunk that had fallen over. The comrades offered to carry Mrs. Ashby over. A few miles and we reached the beautiful village of Ankasi.

"Here the Captain has also had a bamboo Hall built and many wonderful cases of conversion have taken place. One woman had been a fetish dancer. We dedicated her, and when the chance was given for the candidates to pray aloud, she prayed and pleaded that God would keep her faithful. She told Him how she has wasted the best part of her life for Juju.

"We had to still press on further into the bush to get to the next Society, crossing many small rivers and streams for this is the rain season. On and on we went; it seemed as though we would never reach our destination, but just before dark we

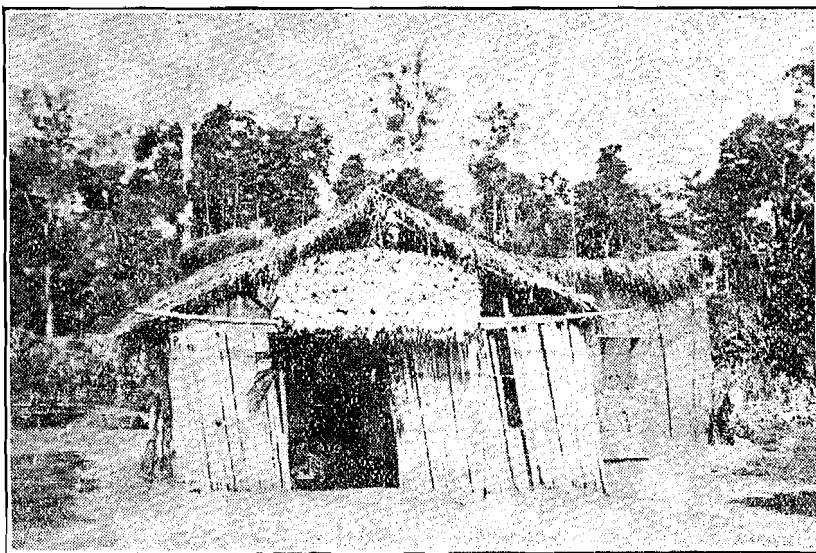
entered another beautiful village on the hillside called Abompeh.

"We have two places by this name, and at each The Army Flag is flying. Here a store manager very kindly placed his house at our disposal for the night, so for a change we did not sleep in the compound. The work at this place and Ankasi is in charge of a Sergeant. Many wonderful cases of conversion have been recorded, and more seekers sought God during our visit.

"A strange thing happened here. I took a picture of the Salvationist comrades, and then along the road I saw some palm-wine sellers. Think-

welcomed by the comrades. This is a fine Corps and the comrades have done well in building a very large Hall and Quarters. During our visit, the Hall was consecrated. The singing here is just grand. The comrades can quote the Articles of War in Tanati by heart, and the Captain insists on it before enrolment.

"We now had to visit the Societies on the other side of the Circle, and pressed on to Anyiname. Our path took us through very heavy bush, with many rivers, with only a tree stump on which to cross, but when we reached the place we had a fine meeting.



The old bamboo Hall at Moseaso. This little place has been the birth-place of many souls. When the people build these bamboo Halls they use no nails at all, each bamboo stick being tied with palm string. The floor is covered with red clay and always polished. The new Hall is built of mud, and "is a beauty," says our correspondent

ing that some of our "War Cry" readers would like a picture of them, I was about to take it, when to my surprise they pleaded with me not to take their photo and some of them even ran away.

"Early in the morning we started off again to the place where we had left the car. Crowds turned out to see us off, for Mrs. Ashby was the first white woman to visit this district. Before we reached our car the noon-day sun was blazing upon us.

"At Asamong, our next stop, the comrades are building a mud Hall and were anxious to finish before the rains come. We had another very fine meeting. We were sorry the chief was away from town, as he is a Salvationist.

"At last we reached Moseaso, the headquarters of this Circle, and were

miles to get him and paid \$150 for him. How I wished I had that cash for a Hall somewhere on the Gold Coast.

"Back to Anyiname for the car and then on in another direction. On the road we found bridges down and rivers high, but praise God we got through without accident. Reaching Kankum we left the car, carriers again taking our things as we proceeded on foot through the bush.

"Reaching Abakoasi, the chief and his elders attended the Open-air meeting held, where we told them of a God that could deliver them from sin and make them new men. At the inside meeting the place was packed and a wonderful time was experienced.

Prayer in Office

"Next morning on our way to Accra, we stopped at Kibi, where I had an interview with Sir Ofori Atta about some land that I want him to give us. He does not seem anxious about it, but I have faith we shall get it. Whilst here we also saw the great chief from Begoro. As we were talking with him one of his men came in and told him how he had seen us in Sir Ofori Atta's office and had seen us kneeling in prayer with him. The chief from Begoro was very anxious about the work at his town.

"We also saw the lady chief from Asiakwa about the land at her town. I am most anxious to get a piece of land there and I feel sure we shall succeed. All these important chiefs were very kind to Mrs. Ashby and were so glad to see the "white lady."

"Captain and Mrs. Ussher are doing a wonderful work in this Circle. He has eighteen Societies, and each month calls in the Sergeants in charge, giving them instruction in doctrine, singing and other necessary things to make them more efficient as leaders."

A CONTRAST IN GATHERINGS

By a Missionary Officer

AFTER reading in "The War Cry" of some of the recent big gatherings in the Homeland, I felt I must send a little account of a meeting in Poona, India.

It was held in a compound—"back-yard" would be a better word.

In the centre of this clearing a water-tap, used by all those dwellings open into this place, dripped into a stone trough. Cows, cats, dogs, and ducks took an interest in our gathering, adding their noise to the general melee of sound.

Beside my chair was the duck-pond, looking as bad as a dilapidated chicken-pen. A few yards beyond, two half-interested Indians lolled on string beds, by the side of which a cow was peacefully chewing what it had been fortunate enough to find!

In a far corner of this strange meeting-ground stood a vast pile of rough-hewn wood, waiting for the morrow's buyers, but at the time a playground for children, who sprawled thereon in various stages of dress and undress. From the roof of one of the low, dark dwellings fluttered the remaining tokens of a recent "tamasha," or festival, the gaudy papers only serving to bring into relief the drab surroundings.

A few rough benches, placed in some kind of formation, were later occupied by some of the congregation

(men at one side and women at the other). The children, dark-skinned black-eyed, and mischievous, sat in the centre on mats. Sometimes they listened. At other times they rolled in the dust, of which there is an abundance. People walked in and out as they wished.

The dress of the congregation was worthy of note. Color reigned everywhere, sarees being of pink, green, red, and blue, or the khavi and red of the Multifauj. The men were in flowing Indian dhoties.

The "Staff Band" sat on the floor, manipulating tom-toms and hand-bells, and close by, in hands of lighter hue, were the familiar concertina and tamborine. A program of enormous length had been compiled. Time was no object. Midnight is early in these parts.

Ducks waddled around us, loud in their benedictions. A couple of goats "buted" perilously near the "centre aisle," while dogs strolled in and out, but creatures and congregation remained utterly imperturbable.

Such is the contrast between meetings in the Homeland and a small back compound in Modikhana, Poona. But the same object attends these widely-contrasted gatherings—God and the souls of the people. If that were not so, we could not be so happy.

IN THE LUSHAI HILLS

Two Hundred Uniformed Salvationists in Monster Open-Air

Lieut.-Colonel Mackenzie has just returned from a visit to the Lushai Hills. The Lushais gave him a wonderful welcome, meeting him two miles outside Aijal, and marching in with singing, led by cornets. Two hundred uniformed Salvationists were in the long procession. A monster Open-air was attended by about 500 people. "One can almost imagine the hills swaying," says our imaginative correspondent, "as the Lushais put their whole souls into their singing."

It was a strenuous trip for the Colonel—seven days' march on the upward journey, nearly three days on the country beat, a wait of about twenty hours at a railway station, and a delay of four hours on the river by fog.

BRITISH SAILORS in BRAZIL

All Their Spare Time With The Army

"On board the H.M. Aircraft Carrier 'Eagle,' which remained alongside for some few days," says a letter from Rio de Janeiro, "were two Salvationists, Brother Frank Hodges and Brother Whaller, who gave all their free time to The Army's work in Rio de Janeiro and in Nictheroy. We had the pleasure of knowing that both of these comrades are greatly esteemed on board as well as on shore. May God keep them and encircle them with many blessings!"

Burma has recently had a Special Campaign for personal soul-winning. In the final meeting (states Major Wilby, the Divisional Commander) comrades told how they used the opportunities that came their way.

WAR CRY

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addressed to the Editor.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

MARRIAGES—

Captain Everett Pearo, out from Sydney
Mines, C.B., 4.7.27, stationed at Parry
Sound; and Adjutant May Bridge, out
from Palmerston, 5.7.17, last appoint-
ment, Prisons and Police Court Offi-
cer, Toronto; at Palmerston, on Wed-
nesday, June 3rd, by Colonel Wm.
Dalziel.

Captain Peter Lindores, out from St.
Thomas, 5.1.28, stationed at Hamilton
VI; and Lieutenant Georgina Murray,
out from St. Thomas, 28.6.28, last ap-
pointment, Kingsville; at St. Thomas,
by Major R. Spooner.

Captain Arthur Bryant, out from
Oshawa, 2.7.26, stationed at London
Divisional Headquarters; and Captain
Miriam Ritchie, out from Brock Ave.,
3.7.24, last appointment, Toronto West
Divisional Headquarters; at Toronto
Temple, Tuesday, June 16th, by Col-
onel Wm. Dalziel.

APPOINTMENTS—

Ensign and Mrs. Worthylake, to Napanee.
Ensign Annie Kennedy, to Trenton, Ont.
Ensign and Mrs. Powell, to Cobalt.
Ensign and Mrs. Mercer, to Amherst.
Ensign Z. Ward, to Sussex.
Ensign and Mrs. Green, to New Water-
ford.

Ensign and Mrs. Bruce Jennings, to
North Sydney.
Ensign and Mrs. James Mills, to Sydney
Mines.

Ensign Olive Hiscott, to Whitney Pier.
Ensign Maud Adcock, to Whitney Pier
(Assistant).

Ensign and Mrs. Tidman, to Fenelon
Falls.

Ensign Gladys Russell, to Byng Avenue.
Ensign and Mrs. H. Wood, to North
Toronto.

Ensign and Mrs. R. Gage, to Earls court.

Ensign and Mrs. Petrie, to Fairbank.

Ensign and Mrs. Dixon, to Lisgar Street.

Ensign Alice Clague, to Rowntree (As-
sistant).

Ensign and Mrs. Dickenson, to Essex.

Ensign and Mrs. K. MacGillivray, to
Leamington.

Ensign Olive Page, to Petrolia.

Ensign Lily Danby, to Wallaceburg.

Ensign and Mrs. Warrander, to Wind-
sor I.

Ensign and Mrs. Thos. Hobbins, to
Sandwich.

Captain Betty Wishart, to Bridgewater,
N.S.

Captain and Mrs. Selva, to Dartmouth.

JAMES HAY,

Territorial Commander.

"THE ARMY WILL GO FORWARD!"

Says the House of Lords Select Committee in Announcing its
Decision Regarding The Army Bill

THE ARMY BILL, which has for
some time been making its pro-
gress through the Houses of
Parliament, in London, England, has
recently been considered by the Select
Committee of the House of Lords,
consisting of Lord Chelmsford, Lord
Hereford, Lord Marks, Lord Bertie
of Thame, and Lord Rathcreedan.
On Friday, July 3rd, the Committee
announced their decision and the fol-
lowing cable, received from Interna-
tional Headquarters, states the terms
in which that expression was couched.

The decision of the House of
Lords Committee, which was given
to-day, is thus expressed:

"The preamble is proved. The
Committee, however, in announcing
their decision, wish to make the
following statement—In their opin-
ion the promoters had no other
choice than to proceed by means
of a Bill. The Bill does not interfere
with, or affect in any way, either
directly or indirectly the doctrines
of The Salvation Army, as laid
down in the Trust Deed of 1878.
The Bill in no way provides for
the exercise of any control what-
soever, by the Parliament of Great
Britain, over the Constitution of
the Organization, the discipline or
the doctrines of The Salvation

Army. The Bill contains no pro-
visions which interfere with, or
affect, either directly or indirectly,
the constitution of the Organization
of The Salvation Army in any
country outside Great Britain and
Northern Ireland. The Committee
trust that, in making this state-
ment, they may allay anxieties and
remove misunderstandings which
have arisen over the Bill. They
would further wish to say that they
regard the presence of the Peti-
tioners as having been of the very
greatest value. The Petitioners'
opposition has been conceived from
the highest conscientious motives,
and their loyalty in opposition,
both to The Salvation Army and to
their General, has been most con-
spicuous. Equally the Committee
have been impressed by the single-
minded desire of the General to do
what is best for The Salvation
Army. The existence of this loy-
alty of the Petitioners, on the one
hand, and the devotion of the Gen-
eral, on the other, emboldens the
Committee to feel confident that,
now that this matter has been de-
cided, The Salvation Army will go
forward as a united body in the
furtherance of their great work."

HENRY W. MAPP, Chief of the Staff.

AS APPLES OF GOLD

The Experienced Counsel of the CHIEF SECRETARY Highly
Valued During the Sunday Campaign at West Toronto

"WE SHALL be meeting much
of what we've been hearing
this afternoon while we're
at our work to-morrow. We'll be
obliged to live up to it!" said one of
the West Toronto Bandsmen as they
'fell in' for the march to the evening
Open-air meeting.

They had been taking tea with
Colonel Dalziel, in an upper room,
and a veritable "upper room" it had
become to them each, for the counsel
of the Chief Secretary was as apples
of gold on plates of silver. It was
the fourth indoor gathering in which
he had played an important part
there that day, and the fifth—the
great Battle for Souls—awaited
him immediately; so he was by no
means taking it easy, spite of the fact

that it was a hot day, supervening
upon a super-heated and busy week.

Almost straight from the train on
which he had travelled to Toronto
through the night, the Colonel was
"on duty," and smartly-efficient, in
the Open-air meeting, in which he was
seen to be leading the Band, when he
was not playing his concertina.

Founder's Day, in very truth, the
Colonel kept the heart tender, the
memory stirring and inspiration a
very real thing as he wove into the
events of an unforgettable Sunday
such frequent reference, and such
apposite reference, as to cause one
and all to rejoice over the life and
service of William Booth.

Starting the first indoor meeting
(Continued on page 12)

CANADIAN PAVILION

At British Empire Exhibition,
Presented to The Army

Rather than dismantle and reshipe
the structure to Canada or to Europe
the Canadian Government has decid-
ed to give away their \$125,000 Golden
Pavilion at the British Empire Trade
Fair, at Palermo.

A handsome building, the materials
alone, fine Dominion timbers and so
on, were assessed, on being taken
into the country, at \$48,000, which
sum would have had to be paid to
the Customs Authorities had the
building been sold there. It would
furthermore cost \$5,000 to demolish
and tranship elsewhere.

With the decision of the Govern-
ment to present the Pavilion to The
Salvation Army there came also the
announcement that it would change
hands free of customs charges.

The Army will also receive 50,000
square feet of linoleum and the elec-
tric fittings of the Pavilion. In addi-
tion to the Canadian Pavilion and the
whole of the interior of the British
Pavilion, ten other fine exhibit stalls
have been secured for The Army.

AFRICAN CHILDREN

Army Represented at Geneva
Conference

Commissioner Blowers, Interna-
tional Secretary, is now in Geneva
attending a conference on the Wel-
fare of African Children, organized
under the auspices of the Save the
Children Fund.

This conference follows two years
of study and the gathering of much
material. The Commissioner's in-
formation is based upon answers to
hundreds of questions put to Army
Officers working in various parts of
Africa.

The business falls under two main
heads: Infant Mortality and Educa-
tion in Connection with Labor, and
all aspects of these vital questions
will be explored.

Salvationists will pray that the de-
liberations may result in much good
being done on behalf of the children
of Africa.

THE COMMISSIONER

A wire has been received by the
Chief Secretary intimating that the
Commissioner and Mrs. Hay and
their daughter, Staff-Captain Esther,
have safely arrived in the Old
Country.



EAGER TO BE OFF TO THE ARMY'S FRESH-AIR CAMP SITUATED AT JACKSON'S POINT, ON LAKE SIMCOE—

The Plague of Social Unrest

Fifth of a Series of Challengeful Articles intended to Awaken the Careless and Indifferent to the Danger of these Critical Times

BY COMMISSIONER JAMES HAY

IT CANNOT be denied that abnormal and almost universal unrest and dissatisfaction have rapidly spread and have affected nearly every section of the people. It is national, civic; it is family; but, in the last analysis, it is individual—an unspeakable unrest and unsatisfied longing of the souls of men.

Writers and critics, preachers and politicians, have contributed their views, largely, however, on the sectional or material causes; varying cures have been suggested as a panacea for this sorrowful state of affairs. Too often, alas, this unrest is treated as being purely social or economic, or at least, due to disturbance which will be mitigated or will entirely disappear as more material equipment is restored.

One enquirer, thinking alone along material lines, will speedily say its basic cause is economic; that men need more; that the conditions of our day and the expectations aroused some years ago ought to be more demonstratively fulfilled than they are. Another, following a somewhat different process of thought, will assert that class distinction is the root cause of unrest, and that when some levelling takes place, there might be betterment. Out of this have grown the extreme manifestations of communism, and the like. What ill-feeling this has developed both among the lower and so-called upper classes, and what a welter of argument about grab, greed, possession and dis-possession, and all the unkindly, even bitter, not to say, foul and threatening language, until it is almost impossible that such persons can meet in the same place of worship, if indeed worship of God is still followed.

Reaching Out for Peace

Another will blame it to the rush and speed of our highly-mechanical age, while another considers that the reaching out of the human heart for rest and peace might be answered by a newly-devised religion compounded of all kinds of human phantasy, while meanwhile the suggester groans in dissatisfaction that the required gratification does not arrive.

Another wonders if Christianity may not be to blame, and rashly attacks it, while really he is attacking not the genuine thing but the spurious or merely formal species which now, for half a century, has been almost universally suspected.

We are compelled frankly to say that we think the unrest so generally experienced, while doubtless contributed to by one or more of the causes briefly referred to, is basically due to a calamitous

human progression largely without God. Any human progress, and revising of ideals; any straining for the uplift of things material and the natural chagrin and madness realized if such is not forthcoming; must always bear such result if, while the material is inordinately hoped for, the spiritual is left behind. The nations simply and plainly, but without much room for doubt, have left God out. Social unrest is due fundamentally to a loss of faith in God—God is not in all their thoughts. Society has risked all for a material Heaven and it is mad that it does not arrive.

Forty Years' Reconstruction

The clamor of the last forty years has produced reconstruction of an amazing character, but it has reached down to more of the foundations of men than many appear to know. When the end of the twentieth century is reached, what a story will be told of the birth of modern engineering; the frenzied rush and merciless methods of business! What a thrilling tale will be told of the annihilation of distance, the conquest of the air, the penetration of ocean depths, the mastery of the Poles, the tremendous knowledge and curative methods of medicine and surgery, the bringing of higher education to the homes of the poor! And in this, too,—the raising of standards of living, the astounding march of music, the facilities for recreation, and in the overwhelming world of literature. Truly, we see more change and more of the development of things in a month than our forefathers saw in fifty years.

In such tremendous changes man's spiritual force has lost step, and his spiritual reckonings have been well-nigh destroyed. Faith in God disappearing, he has nothing whereby he can accurately place himself. "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" And so he attacks the conditions and the inequalities around, which he sees are so much to one, so little to another, power to one and service only to the other, and on goes his dissatisfaction.

One of the greatest gains to man this last sixty years has been the power to read and to know the thoughts and discoveries of others. Alas! that the reading of the present day and the literature and conversation are not usually driving a man to his knees, to prayer, to heart-searching, to the conversion of his soul and to the acceptance of the joys and peace which Christ offers. Alas that he does not see that it is still a fact that amid the clamor and unrest there are millions following along the old track of faith and trust, of

Bible reading, of humility, of separation from the folly of life, and of submission to the Divine Will.

Even Canada, aroused as it is in the matter of reading against some secret and pornographic literature from elsewhere, might, with advantage, take action against some trashy papers printed and sold in our own land, the chief office of which is serving smut, if it be not attacking God. In the same connection we could earnestly wish that newspapers were withheld from publishing racing results, and indeed Irish lottery results, for assuredly all that leads men to think that chance, luck and good fortune is granted to one and denied to the other, is an added blow to the original loser, and a subtle snapping of what feeble cords may still lingeringly hold a man to his God.

Nor can it be said that the boosted helps of the picture-show have aided man to get to God. He has laughed at foolish pictures, he has yielded himself to the sensuous film, but they have all left him as he was. How could the film of our day lead men in any degree to reform, to say nothing of conversion. It is at best a palliative, a passing smile, while his soul lingers in bondage and his cries for deliverance are unheard.

"Such baseless things were never yet designed To quench the vast and deathless thirst of our immortal mind."

Driven by Modern Life

Modern life is carrying man farther from the chamber and authority of the conscience, and is driving him to the place where he submits to his unregenerate condition, suspecting all the while that the Church or religion cannot answer his need, and that even The Army street meeting is not for him.

Man's eternal spiritual condition has probably never been in such jeopardy of despair, and of the soul is not far distant for some. The rush for pleasure of any sort, if it can be for, and even if it cannot without nameless has been, in increasing volume, the quest unregenerate and spiritually unhappy. B is the search. Social life, bridge parties, ga horse racing, are terribly growing, but they meet the need of a soul.

Whatever may have been the case with theatre and the vaudeville once upon a time, wildest indulgence will not dare to claim that day the footlights and the goings on there men to higher things.

(Continued on page 13)



—THE FIRST OF FOUR PARTIES, PHOTOGRAPHED AS THEY WERE ABOUT TO LEAVE TERRITORIAL CENTRE

When You Pray—Do You Pray Through?

A REMINISCENCE, INSTINCT WITH RARE ENCOURAGEMENT TO TENACIOUS SUPPLICATION, LINKS TORONTO WITH A WELSH VILLAGE

TIS a far cry from the Lower Massey Hall, Toronto, to a closely-guarded South Wales village, where the flanking mountain ranges leave so little room at the foot that only a narrow and shallow brook, and an equally-narrow ribbon of roadway find space to wander tortuously between. The inevitable railway track negotiates the valley along a ledge a little way up the opposite hillside; the houses, row upon row of miners' cottages, are all strewn about the hither slope.

A picture of the village was suddenly evoked in the gallery of memory on one of those Mondays when, at mid-day, during the "Regions Beyond" Campaign, I bowed, with hundreds of others, in the Lower Massey Hall, while the Spirit of Intercession swept our souls up in one fusion of purpose. The Commissioner was a determined agitator, a kind of Divinely-inspired stirrer-up of supplication. His manner of conducting the gatherings left considerable periods free to open prayer, of which the readiest advantage was taken.

Grew in Popularity

Started with the intention of occupying the Mondays of February, the second of the three months of the "Regions Beyond" Campaign, these assemblies grew in popularity and power so that the Territorial Commander had to extend his plans and take in part of March. During this time the appeal of the meetings grew in fervour and intensity, with undoubted increase of influence, accordingly.

Just a momentary pause, while I contemplated the sanctified strenuousness of the occasion—for hundreds of people were praying at once—provoked these inward twin queries: "When will these prayers be answered?" and "How shall these people know that they have prevailed with God?"

On the instant I was transported to the valley tucked away amongst those Welsh hills; up above those undistinguished rows of miners' dwellings, up in the darkness on the rough winding road. Somewhere near there echoes the sound of a woman's laughter, sudden and shrill. It is revealing as a tear in a garment. Below, as I trudge downward towards the few remaining lights fringing the main street, the noise of men's raucous singing comes

on the slow-moving air. The public-houses are being closed. Above me on the hill, wrapped in darkness, a group of boys are singing a part song—"Be true and brave, and win the fight." Oh, the courage of the familiar words, the thrill of the emphasis.

"Yes, we'll win the fight!" I think of the Male Choir which sang "Comrades in Arms" so powerfully, one Monday evening in Cardiff, and which lost a number of its leading men the next day when they joined an ill-fated rescue party which rushed into an explosion-torn mine.

Music bursts with a sweep into the night, as I enter the village proper. It is sent forth by The Army Band engaged in its weekly practise, and again the song of the boys is employed, "Be true and brave and win the fight; yes, we'll win the fight!"

est interval. Yet there lurks a note of passion; it is relieved of monotony; nor is it hopeless. The street-door being open, I get a sight of an Army bonnet among the number of people gathered in the living room upon which the front door opens. I draw near.

An open Bible lies on the table; the people are all kneeling, the speaker on the hearth-rug. She it is who wears The Army bonnet. She is praying to God! The burden of her petition is the Salvation of the wayward son of the woman in whose home this cottage meeting is being held. The intensity of the low-pitched voice speaks of the fervent determination to emulate Jacob. But for her faith in God's power and willingness to answer prayer she must despair of her appeal. But now she asserts that she cannot, she will

in vain," winds on the supplication as, in sheer exhaustion of body, the Captain lowers her head upon the table; but she continues her prayer. "Though our laboring breath sound in Thy ears all through this night, still must we wait upon Thee, for Thou art all our hope!"

"Frank, oh Frank, would God I could die for thee if that could bring thee to God!" It is the mother's trembling voice which cuts across the Captain's plea.

"Lord, he must come to Thee, now!" claims the Captain. "We cannot wait more. Let him come now!" There is desperate urgency in the voice; but there is also some majestic uplift; some new prophetic power.

The Prodigal

Even as she speaks a heavy step shakes the ground behind me; a weighty hand sweeps me aside as I stand in the doorway; a figure lurches past me as I fall against the doorpost; and the drunken son of the woman whose living-room has been transformed into a meeting-place, close up to the gates of the Palace of the King, stands before that little assembly, gazing upon the kneeling people with bleary, bemused eyes.

He is as amazed as they are overjoyed. How comes it that he is here amidst such a scene? He stares, uncomprehending, at the Captain as still she prays. He lurches across to the table, threading his way between the kneeling figures. He places his hand on the open Bible.

"Ah!" says he, his eyes shining with a sudden new light of intelligence. "Now I know! Captain! God has brought me home. I am come to pray for myself!"

Thus the Captain got the answer. She prayed through! Do you, who read these lines, wonder that some of your prayers are not answered. A man told me, last week, that he never got answers to his prayers. It seemed, he said, as if his appeals never got farther than the ceiling of the room in which he prayed. What matter, if God be in the room?

Those Massey Hall prayers soon hit the low ceiling of the sub-meeting place; but God heard and answered many. He will not fail you—if you pray on in faith, and through.—J.A.H.



DESPITE THE HEAT

WYCHWOOD (Captain and Mrs. Hiltz)—On Thursday evening a welcome was given our new Officers. The Band, Life-Saving Guards and several comrades gathered just outside the Quarters for a short Open-air, after which they marched the Officers to the Hall. A splendid crowd assembled and a hearty meeting was soon in progress, under the direction of the Corps Sergeant-Major. Representatives of the different branches of the Corps spoke words of welcome.

On Sunday night, despite the heat, a red-hot Salvation meeting was held. Field-Major Urquhart was leading the testimonies in the "wind-up" when a young girl volunteered for Jesus.—G.R.

VILLAGE RAIDS

PALMERSTON (Captain Miles, Lieutenant Critchley)—Special Open-air have commenced, which will be held during the summer months in the surrounding towns and villages. The first was held Wednesday in Moorefield, where many gathered.—E.

Coming from a miner's cottage as I pass, still farther down the street, is the voice of a woman. It strikes a pathetic note. Continuous in its stream; arresting by its very persistency; it suggests that she is reciting a story. The rise and fall of the cadence is narrowed to the brief-

not let Him go. God must hear and answer. So the voice drones on and on stating the terrible necessity—how fully she tells the mother's anxiety, and the boy's story, as she importunes his dead father's God for timely intervention.

"Let not our cry come up to Thee

A Handful of Hamilton Happenings

RECENTLY Brigadier and Mrs. Macdonald spent a week-end at Niagara Falls. The meetings were splendid in spirit, and in spite of the torrid weather, attendances were excellent.

On Monday Mrs. Colonel Attwell and Mrs. Macdonald met the Home League Sisters at Welland, a fine number gathering. They were much pleased to see and hear Mrs. Attwell. On Monday night Mrs. Attwell was at Niagara I, where her message was listened to attentively. Brigadier and Mrs. Macdonald and Commandant Galway assisted in this meeting.

On Tuesday afternoon the Terri-

torial Home League Secretary met the members of Niagara Falls I and II Leagues. There was a fine crowd, and Mrs. Attwell led a very interesting service. The comrades of the Corps visited will be glad to have a return visit.

Captain Lindores and his bride have been welcomed to Hamilton VI, and are full of faith for a soul-saving time.

We are glad to report that Ensign Greenhalgh, who was recently injured in a motor accident, is now out of hospital and well on the way to complete recovery.

LATE OPEN-AIR SERVICE Draws Large Crowd

TORONTO TEMPLE (Adjutant and Mrs. Larman, Lieutenant White)—On Sunday Lieutenant White was given a rousing welcome to the Temple Corps. Special Open-air meetings have been arranged for the summer months, beginning Saturday night, a good crowd being present.

The ten o'clock prayer-meeting on Sunday morning preceded a red-letter day. During the Holiness meeting, several Officers and Soldiers who have lately been transferred to the Temple, gave helpful testimonies. Three comrades volunteered for re-consecration.

Three separate Open-air meetings were held previous to the evening service. At the close of the meeting a united Open-air service was held. Several selections from the Band, personal testimonies from the comrades, a selection from the Songsters held the attention of one of the largest crowds seen around James and Albert Streets recently.

Adjutant Larman invited the friends around to join in the closing hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," which they did with noticeable reverence.—A. Payne.

THE SALVATION SINGERS

An Appreciation by a Field Officer

SALVATIONIST musicians are necessarily intensely active, and throughout every season of the year pursue engagement after engagement with scarcely an interval. But perhaps the palm for activity during the past winter and spring months would unquestionably go to a musical combination composed of a handful of young women Officers engaged at Territorial Headquarters, headed by Mrs. Staff-Captain Mundy, and styling themselves "The Salvation Singers"; for this sturdy little band of vocalists have filled no fewer than thirty-six engagements between November and May. They have visited chiefly Toronto Corps, but at times have travelled farther afield, their places of call including Hamilton II, the Mercer Women's Reformatory, and Langstaff Prison Farm.

It is a revelation to witness the Salvation Singers in action, for it is readily seen that music is only a means to an end with them, and that end, the Salvation of souls and the uplifting of God's people. Thus, equally as much fervor is put into a Salvation address as into a solo or united song. Mrs. Staff-Captain Mundy, with her trusty concertina, disposes of her forces in effective manner, so that all the members of the party are roped in for some duty or other. Thus the meetings are replete with freshness and variety.

One pleasing feature of this singing company is that they glory in the



Helps to Good Congregational Singing

A Subject Which Needs Much Careful Attention

THE united, hearty singing of the congregation goes a long way toward guiding a meeting in the channels of blessing and success. This truth is so well-known to every Officer and to every observing Salvationist that it seems superfluous to state it here again. Still we start with this established fact to ensure that it is taken into consideration.

It is surprising how frequently we find Army Corps which do little to improve congregational singing. Of course, we are well aware of the fact that we have many Corps where the importance of the matter is well recognized, and many Officers are keenly alive to every opportunity to improve the singing. Let us, however, deal with the most frequent deficiencies.

There is the Corps with a Band

playing it, they fail. "Would Jesus have the sinner die?" is rattled off with the same gusto as "A robe of white, a crown of gold." The quick, vigorous time that makes the latter, kills the former. It not only destroys its meaning, but the people find themselves unable to get in the words of the song quickly enough to keep pace with the Band, with the result that the singing is a failure.

Writing on this subject, a Bandmaster recently said:

"With reference to the tempo, I find it much better to conduct the Band from the Song Book, instead of the Band Score. Some hymns, of course, are better if sung and played brilliantly; for instance, free and easy songs or such as are of a joyful character; but others—as consecration and Salvation songs—need to be played slowly and thoughtfully. If the Bandmaster has the words in front of him he will secure a better result than when only playing by the music. Since we have adopted this plan the congregational singing has improved.

The More Important

"As far as the volume is concerned, if Bandsmen considered the singing, the more important part, and the Band only the accompaniment instead of vice versa, we should have more organ-like effects, and it would encourage the people to sing more."

Another point to be considered, when seeking to improve congregational singing, is the need of carefully selecting songs suitable for the occasion. I do not now refer to the general division of songs for Holiness, Free-and-Easy, and Salvation meetings. These three chief divisions are generally observed, although I have been surprised to find that, even in older Corps, there is a transgression of this rule, with some queer effects.

Sometimes a specially suitable song has to be ruled out because the Band does not play it. That is a great pity.

Every phase should be borne in mind in the selection of a song, say for a Sunday night, when probably the largest crowd attends, and is in the most receptive mood. Again and again has the writer asked, "What tune can your Band play, and the people sing well?" to receive the answer, "Oh, 'Let us sing of His love once again,'" or some old stand-by

THE ULTIMATE CHOICE

Noted Conductor's Interesting Reply to Unusual Question

The Etude Music Magazine asked a very definite question of a large group of outstanding men and women of all callings. The question was: If you had only twenty-four more hours to live and were given the opportunity to hear just one piece of music, what would you select?

Dr. Walter Damrosch, the noted conductor, of New York, replied as follows:

"I do not think that I have ever had a question propounded to me so disconcerting, so difficult to answer, as yours. I suppose that my first thought might be that my physician didn't know what he was talking about, and, if the 'will to live' is really powerful, I might be able to extend that twenty-four hours just a little bit. But I am not even prepared to say that, if twenty-four hours were really all I had at my disposal, I might not find so many important things and human relationships crowding in on me and demanding some kind of settlement of decision, that even that one last piece of music might not be given an opportunity to be heard.

"But let us assume that the road has really been cleared and that our mind, heart and ears are really prepared for the mysterious beyond. Would not one of the last string quartets of Beethoven be perhaps the most in harmony for such a solemn moment? They seem to partake of that eager desire to pierce through the veil and to commune with the Supreme Being face to face."

like it. We ought to have a little more variety of songs for Sunday night, and the Band have a good selection of suitable tunes ready.

One must further bear in mind, when selecting songs for the congregation, the number present. Certain songs with grand tunes are an inspiration if heartily sung by a fairly large audience, and effectively accompanied by a Band, but they are an utter failure if attempted by a handful of people. If your crowd is small you'd better stick to an old, well-known, and well-liked song.

However, even in comparatively small Corps good congregational singing may be secured with the aid of a Songster Brigade, for the Songsters should not only be able to give a company song when needed, but they should practise well some good congregational songs for Salvation meetings, to be able to carry the audience with them, and give the desired effect to the message of the words. In this way a Songster Brigade will prove invaluable in introducing a few new congregational tunes with assurance of success. Never ask an audience to pick up an unknown tune without any backing by instruments or a number of singers who are acquainted with it. In nine cases out of ten it will be a dismal failure.

We have only indicated a few of the chief hindrances to good singing, but a hint to the wise is sufficient.



THE SALVATION SINGERS. Back row, from left: Mrs. Captain Bryant formerly Captain Miriam Ritchie, and now stationed with her husband at Simcoe), Captain Lucretia Jennings, Lieutenant Ethel Overall, Captain Eleanor Gordon, Captain Hilda Broom. Front row, from left: Captain Olive Ritchie, Captain Catherine Turner, Mrs. Staff-Captain Mundy, and Captain Flora Higdon

hardest fight, and delight to help the hard Corps. Just "let them loose" on your district and they will conduct an Open-air single-handed, carry it through, take up the collection and fall in behind your little Corps march, arriving at the Hall in fine fettle for a bright Holiness or Salvation meeting. Many struggling little "mutton-bones" have been cheered and inspired by a visit from these brave singers who have earned the blessing of all whom they have helped. May the Brigade live long!—H.W.

MELODY

A Word for Composers

It is melody that is first and foremost in music, and that affects human feelings with marvelous and magic power. It cannot be repeated too often that, without expressive and natural melody, every ornament added by instrumentation is nothing but tawdry magnificence. The best definition of true melody, in a higher sense, is something that may be sung. Melody should be song itself, and as such should flow freely and spontaneously from the human heart. Melody which cannot be sung in that way is nothing more than a succession of individual sounds which strive in vain to become music.

that always plays every tune in fast tempo. The Bandsmen are perhaps young, pushing on, full of life, who can play a march or a song for a Free-and-Easy meeting with admirable expression and stirring time, but when it comes to a solemn tune, expressive of soul-yearning, of warnings to sinners, or of penitence, which demands a more measured time in

SINGER'S CRAMP AND HOW TO AVOID IT

IT IS not at all unusual for untrained, or badly trained, singers to complain of the throat aching after a short while of singing.

Now this can come from but one cause—an overstraining of the voice-producing muscles, which, as in talking, should operate almost involuntarily. This strain may be brought about by the singer being physically tired, a condition in which no one should attempt to sing; or, as is usually the case, it is caused by the singer using, perhaps unconsciously, physical force in the production of tone.

Persistent practice of a very simple exercise will correct all of this trouble.

First take an easy, deep breath; and then, through an opening of the

lips that will not more than admit the lead of a pencil, allow this breath to "spin slowly out," not attempting to see how long it will take but watching diligently that it moves slowly. This, repeated a few times with the body thoroughly relaxed, will place all the breathing muscles in a restful and well controlled condition.

Now vocalize a short phrase of a song, with this same slowly spinning breath and the same relaxed muscles. Repeat this two or three times, and then sing the words with the same method. Gradually work this into an entire song; and the difficulty will be finally corrected. Be very careful not to practice too long at one time. Fifteen minutes of this practice is enough at any one time and very probably too much at first.

A WORTHY SON OF TERRA NOVA

Another in the Series of
Sketches of Departmental Heads

MAJOR NOAH PITCHER, the Territorial Subscribers and Publicity Secretary, is the possessor of a distinctively Army background. His parents were pillars of the Winterton Corps, in Newfoundland, sincere folk, and loyal to the very highest expressions of Salvationism.

The value of a dominant aspiration in life is clearly indicated in the Major's career. Practically from the very genesis of his thought-life—almost before he really understood the full purport of the desire—he



Major Noah Pitcher

determined to become a day school teacher. Another ambition paralleled this! Some day, also, he would be an Army Officer. In Newfoundland, where The Army operates its own schools, these twin-aspirations were by no means incompatible.

Time went on. He passed through The Army's public school at Winterton with honors, and then entered a Church of England institution for study of a more advanced character. The Major reflects with deepest gratitude upon the master of this school, for his humble Christlikeness and gracious culture made an impression upon the sensitive youth that time will never erase.

At seventeen the young enthusiast was teaching in an Army School! His one ambition had been achieved. Shortly after this, the other was also realized, and Lieutenant Noah Pitcher went forth to serve the people of his native isle as an Officer-school teacher.

There was no relaxation in the realm of study. He was now aiming for the highest educational award that Newfoundland can offer its sons and daughters—the Associate in Arts degree. He finished the examination with distinction in theory of education and physics, and received the well-earned recognition.

For three years the Major was Principal of The Salvation Army College in St. John's, which takes pupils as far as their matriculation.

Then he was transferred to Canada, and after serving in one or two Cape Breton Corps, he engaged in the pioneering of prison work in Montreal.

Here the Major's command of the French tongue proved invaluable. Officials were the essence of courtesy, and the splendid work in the prison and police courts of the Metropolis to-day is built upon the foundation so well laid at that time.

Every Christmas morning since his Montreal experiences Major Pitcher has received a post card from a certain gentleman, and behind the post card lies a story we can't possibly relate in detail in this sketch. The Major first met the sender of the card in Bordeaux Jail. He was a civil engineer who had made a mistake. The

(Continued in column 4)

AS APPLES OF GOLD

(Continued from column 8)

with the united singing of "Give to Jesus glory," it seemed we were inverting the order usual to a Sunday's happenings, but it was immediately apparent that such soulful praise was intended as the key-note for all that followed, and so it was.

How convincing was the appeal for a rational employment of life on the basis of unequivocal offering, in the service and for the glory of God! The Colonel's presentation of the truth was arrestingly new and cogently, even compellingly, reasoned. A highly enjoyable and helpful meeting.

Judging the opportunity one of considerable moment, the Colonel spent Open-air time, in the afternoon, with the combined men's and women's Bible classes. The occasion will long be remembered as a holy and profitable hour. Reminiscences, filled in with Salvation music and song, took up the next hour, and then came the intimate meeting with the Bandsmen. The wives of several of these comrades had provided a most appetizing meal, at the close of which the Colonel opened the book of his

experience of Band matters, to the edification of old and young alike. His counsel, valuable at the moment, will be a source of help to many in later days.

Open-air attendances at West Toronto are beginning to improve with the weather and those who gathered in the evening were well rewarded for so doing. The indoor meeting was "a hot time." The Colonel faithfully discharged his duty and effectively withal, utilizing every means to the desirable end, and then devoting himself without restraint to the piloting of the prayer battle. The first of four surrenders was that made by a woman who, interested in the occasion by one of the Bandsmen, who is a baker's roundsman, came to the afternoon and evening meetings and was accompanied to the Mercy-seat by her little girl.

Yes, it was a good day, for the Campaign saw the clock around. Adjutant E. Green, and the Commanding Officers, Adjutants McLean and Hayward, and Lieutenant Gooding, nobly supported the Chief Secretary throughout.

WEDDING BELLS RING OUT IN VERDUN

Bandsman W. E. Smith and Songster F. Wells were united in matrimony on Wednesday, June 24th, at Verdun Citadel. Lieut.-Colonel Burrows, the Divisional Commander, conducted the ceremony. Bandsman A. Walker supported the groom and Sister A. Braithwaite was the bridesmaid.

The reception was held in the Young People's Hall, where nearly two hundred friends and Soldiers wished Brother and Sister Smith much happiness for the future.—W.B.

OPEN-AIR CAMPAIGN Launched With Effective Result

EARLSCOURT (Ensign and Mrs. Gage, Lieutenant Kerr) — Major Ham, our Divisional Commander, has called for an aggressive Summer Open-air Campaign. Last Saturday night the Campaign was given a good start at Earls court by the Major, who was accompanied by Adjutant E. Green, and six Finnish comrades, dressed in native costume. Their sweet singing, and the playing of their stringed instruments, backed up by red-hot truths from Major Ham and Adjutant Green, gripped the crowd, which blocked the sidewalks.

One man, who had bought a ticket for the theatre nearby, heard the singing in the Open-air and felt that he should not go in. He afterwards told the writer that he should have knelt in the ring when the invitation was given.

On Sunday Ensign and Mrs. Russell, from India, conducted the Holiness and Salvation meetings. The wholehearted way in which they sought to bless the people was greatly appreciated. The meetings were fraught with spiritual uplift. Lieutenant N. Crosbie spoke words of testimony.

Under the leadership of Bandsman E. Irwin, the afternoon service, held in the Earls court Park, was of special interest. An address on "The Army and its Founder," by Ensign Gage, was practical and instructive. Hon. Sergeant-Major Sibbick spoke of early days at Earls court, and assistant Sergeant-Major J. Stagge asked for a drum-head collection, as in days of yore. An extra Open-air has been announced for next Sunday, despite the hot weather.—Sec. A.M.

HALIFAX I (Staff-Captain and Mrs. Earle)—On Sunday we bade farewell to Commandant and Mrs. Speller, who have been our leaders for the past twelve months. Good crowds attended the meetings. Corps Cadet Unit who, as pianist, has been a great asset to the Songster Brigade, soled very effectively, and the Commandant's farewell message was listened to with great interest.—L. Smith.

HOME LEAGUERS VISIT LITTLE GIRLS' HOME

It was in the spirit of helping others which prompted a number of the members of Earls court Home League to journey to the Riverdale Girls' Home on Friday evening last. Nor did they go empty-handed, for each carried a parcel containing some article of wearing apparel to fit a wee girlie in the Home.

The visitors were charmed as they watched the little maidens playing their games. How happy they seemed! Games over, all assembled in one of the rooms, the little girls sitting tailor-fashion on the floor. Then the parcels were opened by Adjutant MacLaren, the genial Matron, who thanked the Home Leaguers for their gifts. Colonel Des-Brisay, who was a very welcome visitor, spoke briefly, as did Mrs. Adjutant Green, the Divisional Home League Secretary for Toronto West.

Refreshments were served, and the visitors remained while the Matron conducted prayers with the children. Hearts were touched as the little girlies sang—

Good-night, dear friends, good-night,

A cosy cot we each have got,

Good-night, dear friends, good-night.

The Home Leaguers paid a similar visit to the Bellevue Industrial Home the week previously.

A GOOD START

GALT (Ensign and Mrs. Wood)—We have welcomed our new Officers from Toronto. Commencing with the Open-air on Saturday night, there was a good turnout. This, and the meetings all day on Sunday, proved to be a great blessing and inspiration to all. At the close of the day, two souls sought Salvation. We are believing for great times.—D.D.

FURLOUGHERS ASSIST

HESPELER (Captain and Mrs. Zarfas)—Saturday and Sunday, July 4th and 5th, we had splendid week-end services. Open-air and indoor services well attended. We had with us Ensign Hartas, from Montreal, who conducted the Sunday night's meeting. His Bible address brought great blessing to all. We also had with us Captain Geiger and Captain Stella Fowler, who are also on furlough.—Sergeant-Major Joe Taylor.

Leamington Home League had a Sale of Work recently; they also held their picnic at Sea Cliffe Park.—H.L.S.

SHELBORNE (Captain Hogarth, Lieutenant Park)—A splendid crowd gathered to say farewell to Captain Wishart and Lieutenant Fader, who have labored courageously in our midst.

THE CHANGING OF FAMILY LIFE

(Continued from column 5)

as often as may be necessary, until the days of doubt and unfaithfulness are left entirely behind."

If these few elementary rules could be placed before the world, and the world be induced to accept them, the new order to which family life has adapted itself could mean nothing but good, for all the advantages of modern life and invention would be enjoyed while the dreaded danger of the dissolution of the family would be highly improbable.

A WORTHY SON OF TERRA NOVA

(Continued from column 1)

Major's interest in him restored his faith in life. Through The Army's intervention, a parole was granted. In two years he was married, and living in his own home! Can you wonder at the regularity of the Christmas post card?

A period as Subscribers Secretary in Montreal preceded the Major's transference to Territorial Headquarters where, for two years, he served as Private Secretary to the Territorial Commander.

Then back to Terra Nova, this time as General Secretary. The work in Newfoundland lay very close to his heart, and whilst there the Major and his good wife did their utmost for the sterling Salvationists of the Sea-girt Isle.

In April last Major Pitcher returned to Territorial Headquarters in Toronto and took over the chair which he now so worthily occupies.

A steadfastness in spiritual experience, which only comes to those whose souls are possessed by the Certainties of God, is the Major's. His conversion was not spectacular; his reactions to spiritual influence not what one would term demonstrative. But both conversion and experience have that ring of sincerity that only quiet assurance breeds.

The Major is a thorough Salvationist, and with his wife, who hails from London, England, is determined to "fight the good fight" without cessation; not because others are doing it; not because it is their duty; but rather because it is the spontaneous expression of their religion. May God continue to guide and bless them and their two children.

A VETERAN OF THE PEN

Colonel Bond blew breezily into the Editorial den this week. It was press day, and, with thousands of press days in the halls of his memory, he shook hands and departed as quickly as he entered. Retired, with flags flying at top mast, the Colonel, with Mrs. Bond, intends eventually to settle down in Toronto, where he has two Officer daughters. But before he eases off he will be returning to New York for a few more months. We hope to publish a sketch of our veteran's career in our next issue.

COMING EVENTS

COLONEL DALZIEL
(The Chief Secretary)

Galt, Wed July 15
Campbellford, Sat Sun July 19

Colonel Morehen: Toronto Temple, Sat Sun July 19
Brigadier Macdonald: Brantford, Sun July 26
Major Hollande: Toronto Temple, Sun July 26
Staff-Captain Ellery: Sussex, Sat Sun 19; St. John II, Sat Sun 28
Staff-Captain and Mrs. Mundy: Timmins, Fri Sun July 19; New Liskeard, Mon 20; Haileybury, Tues 21; Cobalt, Wed 22; North Bay, Thurs 23; Sudbury, Fri 24; Sault Ste. Marie I, Sat Sun 26; Sault Ste. Marie II, Mon Tues 28; Huntsville, Thurs 30; Gravenhurst, Fri 31
Staff-Captain Riches: St. Stephen, Sat Sun July 19; Moncton, Sat Sun 26

THE "GRAND OLD MAN"

Founder's Day Celebrated

GALT (Ensign and Mrs. J. Wood)
"And when thou art landed safe
over the river,
We'll sing of Salvation forever and
ever.

Fire a volley!"

As the gruff, familiar tones of the Founder were heard, via the medium of a gramophone record, reciting the final lines of "Through Jordan," an unaccountable thrill was felt by those gathered. But this was only one episode of a prayerfully planned service to commemorate the Founder's historic discovery on Mile End Waste sixty-six years ago, that he had found his destiny. In story, song and sermon the life and work of The Army's "grand old man" were recalled. Not the least stirring feature were the testimonies of several who had personally met William Booth. Among them were those who, although not Salvationists, had specially come to pay glad tribute to the Founder's memory. One comrade divulged that her grandfather—a Methodist minister—had exchanged pulpits with William Booth, prior to his call to wider service. Adapting the text upon which the poem, "Through Jordan" is based, Mrs. Ensign Wood spoke with power.

FINLAND'S REJOICINGS

Annual Congress Gatherings Led by THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF and Mrs. Mapp—480 Seekers

Helsingfors,

Monday.

THE Fortieth Annual Congress of The Army in Finland has been sealed by the surrender of 480 seekers for Salvation or Consecration. The Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Mapp have been Divinely sustained in their leadership. Swedish and Finnish flags have mingled with the grand international emblem of the Blood and Fire.

Finnish and Swedish public welcomes were held in the Folkets Hus and The Army's Temple. Joyous congregations packed these buildings. The General's greetings received a tumultuous reception, and assurances of continued devotion were returned. A report of The Army's progress brought new praise and thanksgiving.

The Chief's Friday afternoon address on The Army's work terminated in a prayer-meeting, in which four seekers surrendered, the pastor leading one to the Mercy-seat. At night the Finnish church was crowded for a similar meeting, which concluded with nine seekers.

For the Saturday night united Soldiers' meeting the Temple was early filled to overflowing. Mention of the General and Mrs. Higgins produced expressions of gratitude for blessings received during their campaign last year. The call to consecrated service was sounded loud and clear, and comrades old and young came to definite decisions. During the Benediction the one hundred and eighty-fifth seeker came out to yield to God's claims.

Congress Sunday was full of activity. The Chief was with Swedish comrades at the Temple in the morning meeting, which was characterized by deep feeling. Fishers and seekers wept on their way to the Mercy-seat, where fifty-five knelt. At the same time Mrs. Mapp met Finnish comrades in the Folkets Hus, where 800 assembled. Divine power was manifest, and fifty-two responded to the call.

At night the Chief and Mrs. Mapp changed over. The Folkets Hus was packed before the meeting commenced. The Chief's appeal fell on fruitful ground. One hundred and four came to the Cross. God's saving power was manifest in the Temple when Mrs. Mapp met the Swedish people. Forty-four men and women knelt at the Cross, hardened drunkards mingling with youthful seekers at the Mercy-seat.

In the afternoon, in brilliant sunshine, The Army forces assembled at Nylandsgratan, and marched through the city to Brunnsparken, the finest park in Finland. As the troops moved down a wonderful avenue of lofty pines, whose branches met overhead, The Army Colors blended finely with the white and blue uniforms of Women's Social Officers and Workers and the red and grey of the Life-Saving sections. The Chief led the procession, and on arrival at the improvised platform Salvationists joined with an interested audience, the whole numbering 3,000. Music and song preceded the Chief's Salvation appeal, and six came forward to the Open-air Mercy-seat.

En route to the Congress the Chief conferred with Colonel Bower in Berlin, and finalized important business items with Commissioner

SALVATION MELODISTS

Training Garrison Campaigners

"The Salvation Melodists," a group of Training Garrison Officers, are hard on the trail now, campaigning in the Hamilton Division.

The concluding engagements on their itinerary include: Galt, Wednesday, July 15th; Paris, Thursday, July 16th; Simcoe, Friday, July 17th; Brantford, Saturday and Sunday, July 18th and 19th.

In addition to these centres, they will hold short wayside meetings at most of the small villages through which they pass.

The party consists of Staff-Captain Keith, Captain Gennery, Lieutenant Piffrey, and Sergeant Everitt—a musical group whose efforts during the summer months are sure to be appreciated at country and city Corps.

In addition to this party, a group of four women Officers from the Training Garrison will do similar work in and around Toronto during the next two months. The following appointments have been made for these comrades:

Swansea, Sunday, August 2nd; Leaside, Sunday, August 9th; Bedford Park, Sunday August 16th; Toronto I, Sunday, August 23rd; Rowntree, Sunday, September 6th; Hamilton III, Sunday, September 13th.

FAITH FOR FUTURE

ST. JOHN III (Captain and Mrs. Hammond)—We have said "good-bye" to Captain and Mrs. Ritchie, who had endeared themselves to many, both in the ranks of The Army and out. During their year at our Corps they have worked hard and faithfully for the cause of God and The Army.

We have welcomed Captain and Mrs. Hammond, and we are believing that God will use them in our midst, also Corps Cadet Austin—Corres.

Rich in Stockholm, in addition to inspecting property and addressing Cadets in Training in that city. He also met leading Staff Officers at the Swedish Headquarters, and inspected splendid extensions of premises. Passing through Abo, the Chief and Mrs. Mapp paid a much-appreciated visit to the Women's Social Institution, and they will also visit the graves of promoted Finnish warriors.

TERRITORIAL NEWSLETS: FROM HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

The new Men's Metropole at Windsor is expected to be completed at the end of the present month. The building, which is designed to accommodate eighty men, will be opened by the Chief Secretary on August 15th.

Major Watson, whose last appointment was as District Officer for the Men's Social Work in Hamilton, is at present on furlough on account of ill-health.

On Monday last Life-Saving Scouts packed their kit-bags and commenced life under canvas at Jackson's Point Camp. They came from Hamilton, Toronto West and Toronto East Divisions—a merry party.

The comrade to whom reference was made in our last issue as having passed away in Lindsay, and who

was the writer of "My Home is in Heaven," and other songs, Mrs. Ada Garnett, and not Barnett, as incorrectly stated. She was the aunt of Captain Garnett, of London Divisional Headquarters.

A Link with Canada is made by the announcement that Ensign Dugins is farewelling from the command of Prague Citadel Corps, in Czecho Slovakia, to proceed to Budapest, where he will have the oversight of The Army's operations in Hungary. The Ensign is cousin to Mrs. Major Ritchie of our own Territory, and they both hail from the same Corps—Redditch, in England.

The furlough season is in full swing. May those who are recruiting their strength find all the reinvigoration they need for the tasks ahead.

THE PLAGUE of SOCIAL UNREST

(Continued from page 9)

The dramatic critic of the London "Evening Standard," writing about a play produced a few months ago, said:

"I thought up to last night I was unshockable, but found that I wasn't. Inside the theatre a certain play was running; the ordinary papers of the world had condemned it, but there I saw the boards 'House Full.' Another paper, speaking of it, said: 'They pose and strut, mouthing their vapid and borrowed epigrams, and generally behaving like the scum of a third rate night club.'"

The deduction is that man was made for God, and he never can be truly happy until he finds Him. Augustine said so with truth fourteen centuries ago, but Jesus Christ told us, if we could only believe Him, that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesses. The nation wants, calls for, and should have a spiritual rebirth. The whole Empire, nay, the whole world need infinitely more than anything, a return to God.

With a spiritual readjustment, with an awakened spiritual sense, with dependence upon God, with conduct past, present, and prospective, weighed in the scales of the Sanctuary, all manner of readjustment even to economic conditions are possible.

We admit some of the distressful considerations now facing men, although we note that all manner of public persons claim that a great "corner" is being turned in the world, but was there ever such a corner? In vain we wait! In vain we seek, for be that "corner" as it may be, and striving whenever it might, there is no material corner, the turning of which cures social unrest. There is no substitute for Spiritual Regeneration.

Is not God saying, "Return to Me." "Try Me and prove Me." See if with offerings to God, offerings of kind surely, of money possibly, but certainly offerings of ourselves, there may not be a

great overflowing blessing touching material things, as promised there, and spiritual things, aye, even of national blessing.

Let there be more National Days of repentance; more searching of the heart; more declaration that in spiritual correctness is our strength a thousand times more than in mere betterment of work and wages.

In washing our hands clean, and in purging our souls from all sin and all that is offensive to God, is the great panacea for unrest. Our recreation is not man-made, not from below, but from above, not from mere material change, but from Spiritual correction—from conversion.

Any joy, peace, assurance, fullness, "corner turning," adjustment of classes, penalizing of criminals, or rewarding of virtue, notwithstanding all human progress of the other sort, will avail us nothing if we do not turn to God, to Christ, and to the hope set before us in Him and through Him. Social unrest is cured by heart rest, and heart rest is God's gift.

By what process will God awaken the people, recovering both workers and employers? There is such a thing as stabbing people to wakefulness. Does it not appear at times as if some severe measures may be adopted and inspired by God to reclaim the people?

I adjure all Salvationists to preach more zealously than ever, especially in the streets where we touch all classes, the great awakening truths charged by the Divine Spirit that man must "seek first the Kingdom of God" and then—"all other things will be added."

Let us declare it more and more that there is no substitute for Jesus Christ. He must have the pre-eminence. Not all the brotherhood movements,

office. Let us call men to give God His place—the unemployed and the employed, the doubter and the vagabond, the crime-laden and the despairing, and especially the young who so often are slipping farther away to practical Godlessness than ever their unsaved fathers could have estimated they could. Why cannot we do more with our young men, our Bandsmen for instance, to personally influence young fellows by whatever ways and means may open to lead them to God. More of our Bandsmen should be deputed as personal winners of men.

A moving story is told of war days. A boy was brought to the hospital badly wounded. Word was sent to the mother that her lad was dying. She came to the mother and begged to see him, but the doctors said he was just hovering between life and death and that the slightest excitement might kill him. Besides, he was unconsciousness to their hearts. And that carries with that she would not speak to him, or make the slightest noise, but begged to sit by the side of his bed and be with him. The doctor relented and gave permission for her to sit there without a word. She sat by her boy with her heart bursting. His eyes were closed. She gently put her hand upon his brow, and without opening his eyes the boy whispered, "Mother, you have come." The touch of that mother's hand was self-verifying to the boy. He knew it.

And that is just what the restless souls of men need—the coming of Christ to their deepest consciousness to their hearts. And that carries with it the verification that all things shall be new. It is not in anything man has made, or can do, but by the touch of the Great Healer are men and peoples claimed, rested, assured, saved, and delivered.

not all the elevating concerts, not all the nice literature, not all the uniting of the peoples, can fill his special

INSPIRING TESTIMONIES

MONTREAL I (Commandant and Mrs. Speller)—On Sunday morning the Divine Service Parade for the Life-Saving forces of the city was held at the Citadel. The service was one of praise, and special mention should be made of the inspirational testimonies given by the comrades. One young man, a stranger to the city, remarked how he had concentrated on the word "faith" during the past few days and by taking each letter of this word and making a new word from them he was enabled to make a sentence of five words which reads, "Forsaking all I take Him." Then a sister, explaining how she had received disappointment, was told by a comrade Officer to knock off the letter "D" and substitute "H" thus making disappointment His appointment. Thoughts like these were very refreshing to hungry souls.

The evening gathering was of an unusual character, in that part of it was of a memorial nature and the other part was the farewell of our Corps Officers, Adjutant and Mrs. Cubitt.

During the past week the Corps suffered two losses, the infant son of Bandsman and Mrs. Whyllie, and Corps Cadet Rena Laidlaw. Fitting reference was paid to the passing of the comrades by representative speakers.

During the year that Adjutant and Mrs. Cubitt have been with us the Corps has seen a number of advances and we shall miss them as they go from us. Their helpful Holiness talks have been a revelation to those who attended the Holiness meetings.—F. J. Knights.

SACKVILLE (Captain Jardine, Lieutenant Mason) — On Thursday night a large number gathered to welcome our new Officers. Much blessing was felt in the meeting.—Jim L.

LANSING (Captain Smith, Lieutenant Weatherby)—A hearty welcome was accorded our new Officers. On Thursday quite a number of comrades and young people gathered to greet them.—K.B.

GETTERS AND GIVERS: A Quartet of All-Rounders

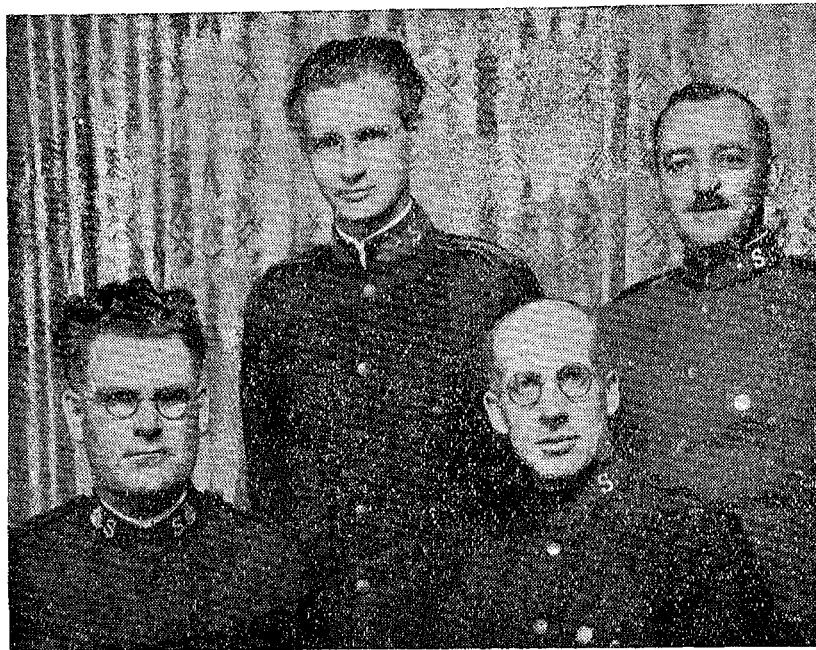
THE quartet of members of the Toronto Subscribers Department, seen in the photograph reproduced below, are real "all-rounders." They are "getters" and also "givers."

As for their "getting," they raised the splendid sum of over \$30,000.00 dollars in the recent Self-Denial appeal.

On the "giving" side they are just as useful, for they are in great demand as "Specials" for week-end campaigns. Each and all having spent a number of years in the Field,

they are right at home on the platform, and glory in active participation in Salvation service of all kinds.

During the Winter months they have had the joy of seeing in the neighborhood of one hundred and thirty souls at the Mercy-seat in their meetings. Their seven-days' effort at Byng Avenue, in connection with the "Regions Beyond" Campaign, was particularly successful. Splendid crowds attended the meetings, and twenty seekers came forward.



Standing: Staff-Captain Snowden and Adjutant Pollock. Seated: Field-Major Urquhart and Ensign Ashby. The Ensign has this week said farewell to the Department on leaving to take charge of the Subscribers Department in Ottawa.

WE MISS YOU!

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar, should, where possible, be sent with enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address Lieut.-Colonel Sims, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, in the case of men, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

In the case of women, please notify Colonel DesBrisay, Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

Wanted — Present address of William Steeves and Annie Louisa Moore. May be in Windsor, Ont. Please communicate with Lieut.-Colonel Sims, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

DORSEY, George W.—Age 17; height 6 ft. 1½ ins.; weight 158 pounds; light hair; blue eyes; decided Southern accent; long raised scar on one side of arm. Illness in family. Reward Offered.

TURNER, Edgar William — Born in August, 1907; height 5 ft. 7 ins.; light brown hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; was a farm worker. Father, in England, anxious for news. Was employed on a farm at Lakefield. 18513

WAY, Captain—Was in Machine Gun Depot, Exhibition Camp, Toronto, in 1917. Friend, in Old Country, anxious for news. 18516

LANAGHAN, Edward — Came to Toronto in 1910. Age 64; height 5 ft. 4½ ins.; brown hair, turning grey; first finger on right hand missing. 18517

DODGE—Age 41. Missing eight years; last heard of in Winnipeg. Father and mother anxious for news. 18506

WAINE—Age 28; height 5 ft. 9½ ins.; very dark brown hair; brown eyes; dark complexion. Worked for brother at Willowdale, Ontario. Mother ill and anxious for news. 18446

McDONALD, John—Age 50; height 5 ft. 9 ins.; black hair; brown eyes; fair complexion. Missing seventeen years. Brother anxious to hear. 18508

PHILLIPS, Michael — Age 37; height 5 ft. 9 ins.; brown hair; blue eyes; pale complexion; native of Galway; carpenter by trade. May have changed his name to O'Neill. 18496

WALKER, William — Age 18; height 5 ft. 5 ins.; light brown eyes; fair hair and complexion. Came to Canada under the Newcastle Emigration Scheme in July, 1928. May have assumed the name of William Logan. Last address was General Delivery, Springhill P.O., Nova Scotia. 18498



OVER 180,000 SOLD

"GOD IN THE SLUMS"

BY HUGH REDWOOD

A thrilling story of Salvation Endeavor, recently reviewed in "The War Cry." It is written by a London Newspaper Editor, who has become a stalwart champion of The Army, through seeing its work in operation in the London Slums. The book is full of blessing and inspiration. Your library is by no means complete without it.

Paper Cover 35 cts. Postage 6 cts. extra
Cloth Cover 65 cts.

THE NEW SONG BOOK

Every Soldier should possess one. The Prices are: \$2.50, Black Persian; \$2.25, Black Persian (smaller size); and \$2.00, Brown Imitation Leather.

The new Salvation Army Tune Book will provide some wonderful evenings around the piano or organ.

Blue Cloth, \$1.75; Black Persian Leather, \$2.75. Presentation Copies, Special Binding, \$3.50.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON

You will need some good and inspirational Books for the quiet hour at the Summer Camp or Cottage. What about making a choice from the following list in our dollar selection? Postage, 12 cents extra.

Evangelistic Sermons, J. C. Massee.
Revival Sermons, Wilbur Chapman.
Sermons on Biblical Characters; More Sermons on Biblical Characters, Chappell.

Highways of the Heart; Gateways of the Stars, Morrison.
The Mind of the Master, MacLaren.
The Breath of the Winds; Enchanted Universe, Shannon.

Bible Soul-Winners, Banks.
The High Calling, Jowett.
Fast Hold on Faith, Rev. H. Howard.
Representative Men of the Bible, Matheson.

300 Five-Minute Sermons for Children, Hallock.
The Productive Belief, Hough.
Being a Preacher, Vance.
Making Good, Faris.
The Miraculous Element in the Gospels, Bruce.

Five-Minute Shop Talks, Luccock.
Men Whom Jesus Made, MacKay.
The Trial and Death of Jesus Christ, Stalker.

The Humiliation of Christ, Bruce.
Bible Types of Modern Men (First Series); Bible Types of Modern Women, MacKay.

New Tabernacle Sermons, Talmage.
The Ten Commandments, Coffin.
Three Hundred Evangelistic Sermon Outlines; Cyclopaedia of Sermon Outlines; 1,001 Illustrations for Pulpit and Platform, Webb.

The Cross in Christian Experience, Clow.
A Quest for Souls, Truett.
The Preacher: His Life and Work, Jowett.

A Guide to Preachers, Garvie.
Lord, Teach us to Pray, Whyte.
The Parables of Our Saviour; The Miracles of Our Saviour, Taylor.

The Evangelistic Cyclopaedia; Cyclopaedia of Sermon Outlines for Special Days and Occasions; One Hundred Choice Sermons for Children; One Hundred Best Sermons for Special Days and Occasions, Hallock.

One Hundred Revival Sermons and Outlines; One Hundred Great Texts and Their Treatment; One Hundred Prayer-Meeting Talks and Plans; One Thousand Thoughts for Funeral Occasions, Barton.

The Pastor, His Own Evangelist; The Training of the Twelve, Bruce.

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THE WORLD

ITS WAYS AND SAYS
ITS JOYS AND SIGHTS

Founder of the Wireless Age

Centenary of David Hughes, Who Lived Ahead of the World

THE electrical engineers have just been celebrating the centenary of David Hughes, the inventor of the microphone and the real founder of the wireless age.

It is often claimed that scientists could rule the world, but the story of David Hughes is a very curious comment on this boast. It has often been told how the wise men of his day broke his heart by refusing to recognize wireless when they saw it. Night after night he would walk up and down Great Portland Street, in London, England, listening to the first wireless signals ever heard in the world coming through crude apparatus he had devised. Had his friends believed in him the radio would have been half a century old; but they did not believe in him and David Hughes put wireless aside with a heavy heart.

One of the finest things we remember about him is that he refused to try to make money out of his invention. He knew how squabbles over patents had held back telephone development, and he cared far more for the progress of science than for making money.

David Hughes had left London for America when he was seven, and had

returned as the inventor of the type-writing telegraph. Already this son of a bootmaker had made a fortune, and was not in need when he invented the microphone in 1878, but how few men there are who can resist the instinct to pile wealth on wealth! How few who can see their work fill other men's pockets and not feel jealous! Hughes devoted his life to perfecting telephone transmission, and left a fortune to research and hospitals.

His splendid life ought to have been crowned with a mighty triumph when he discovered the existence of electrical waves in the atmosphere, but Professor Huxley and Professor Stokes and other chief scientists of his day told him they could not agree with his theory, and in his disappointment he did not make it public. That was in 1880. Several years later Hertz made the same discovery, and an astonished world learned about wireless waves for the first time.

It is good to know that Mr. Henry Furse, who made the first microphone, is still alive, and that he remembers Hughes's rough model, which was composed of a cigar box, some nails, burned firewood, and sealing-wax.

HE IS ONE OF US

The True Definition of Kingship

GR^{EAT} literature never dies. There is a definition of kingship, three thousand years old, which is as true and vital to-day as when it first fell from the lips of the old man who propounded it to King Rehoboam.

One of the beauties of truth is that time cannot make it stale. The ideal of royalty, which was set before the King of Judah, and which, alas! he failed to follow, has been splendidly realized in the reign of King George V. of England.

Here is the definition referred to above: "If Thou wilt be a servant unto this people this day, and wilt serve them, and answer them, and speak good words to them, they will be thy servants for ever."

When the war ended many thrones in Europe toppled over, and one of the main reasons for their overthrow was that they were built upon the insecure foundations of autocracy and regal infallibility. On the other hand, the conclusion of the war saw the British throne more firmly based than ever upon the people's will, and more strongly garrisoned than ever by the affections of the whole Empire.

Truly the king must become a servant. The road to royalty is the road of service. The only path to power leads through self-sacrifice. Thrones are built upon the people's affections — not upon their fears. The sceptre that exercises undisputed sway is the sceptre of love, and the jewels that shine from a kingly crown are truth, beauty and goodness.

It was Jesus Himself who said, in even more memorable words: "Whoever will be great among you, let him be your minister, and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

After all, the word "king" means "kin," that is, "one of us," and the greatest achievement of King George V is that he has proved, "The king is near of kin to us."

STRAYING DESERT SHIPS

It was surprising enough for some of us to learn that camels were to be found in active employment in Australia; but what of Europe? There is the strange colony of wild camels which have made a home for themselves in the lower reaches of the Guadalquivir River, in Spain. Many years ago an attempt was made to introduce camels for agricultural work in Southern Spain. The plan was not a success, and those camels which did not die strayed off to fend for themselves. A few of them found a retreat in the vast alluvial plain through which the sluggish stream of the river winds its way to the Gulf of Cadiz. But one could hardly imagine a situation more unlike that to which a camel is normally accustomed. The land is largely water-logged and covered with a dense growth of reeds many feet in height.

SPEED AT STANDSTILL

Once a year the locomotives of a German railway are examined for stability and performance by placing them on a special test stand. Here each engine is operated for many hours as though on an actual run, and careful check is made of its performance. The whirling wheels of the stationary locomotive often revolve to equal an engine speed of eighty miles an hour.

AN ICEBERG HOLIDAY

Influence of the Gulf Stream

ICEBERGS are very few in the North Atlantic this year, as compared with about fifteen hundred in the spring of 1929, and many last year. That the Gulf Stream has made a corresponding extension northward, is shown by the high temperature of the ocean-water about the Grand Banks, and that the harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, was ice-free throughout the winter. To these unusual conditions, marine animals have doubtless responded promptly, especially in permitting the swarming minor life existing in the tropics and warm current of the Gulf Stream to drift much farther north than usual, and also by inviting migratory fishes to seek their northern spawning grounds earlier in the season than heretofore. It has been reported that salmon were caught and offered in St. John's, Newfoundland, market last January and February, whereas they do not ordinarily appear there before May.

THE "PUSS-EAGLE"

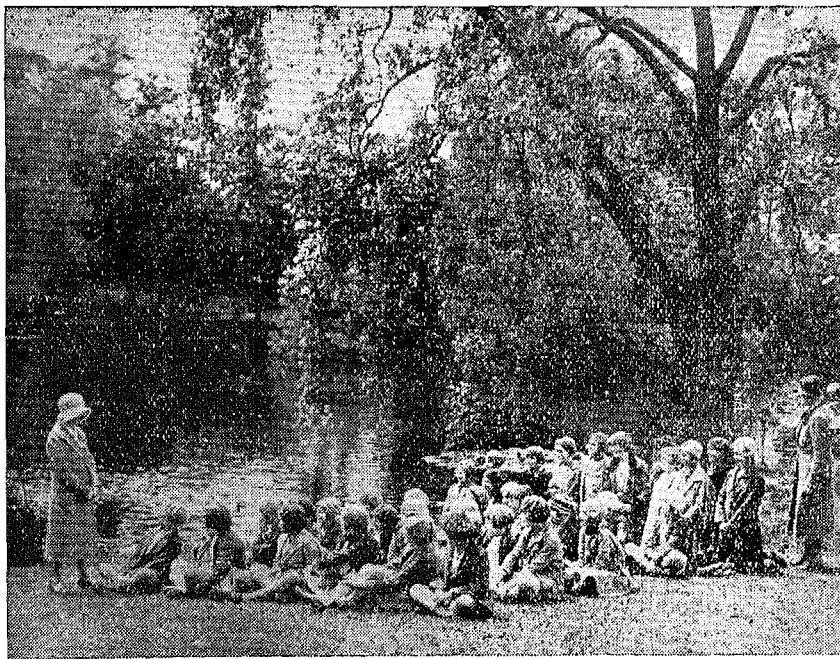
A Bird That Feeds on Mice and Birds

A sea-eagle which does not eat fish, has been added to the rather short list of birds living in the Holy Land. Professor I. Ahroni, of the Hebrew University in Palestine, found it numerous about the Lake of Antioch. The stomachs of specimens shot for the University Museum, contained bones of mice and birds, but no trace of fish, although this eagle never goes far from the lake.

Another peculiar bird found at the lake, well-known from antiquity, but little explored scientifically, was Levaillant's darter, a water fowl related to the cormorants, hitherto regarded as belonging only to eastern Africa. This darter is a fish-eater, and seems not to have turned to mice-catching as has the freakish sea-eagle, but has a notable peculiarity of its own. It makes its nest among the tall reeds that cover extension lake flats; but it must accommodate its egg-laying to the vagaries of each season, for it cannot build its nest until the water gets low enough to enable the bird to reach and break the reeds. These it piles up criss-cross with sharp ends sticking outward, giving the nest a good defence against some at least of the darter's enemies.

STONE WHICH BENDS

We have known of plastic wood and malleable glass and steel for some time, but now we hear of a previously unknown species of stone which has been found in Brazil. It has been named "Itolumite" and its principal property is that it can be bent by applying moderate pressure with the hand. It is doubtful, however, whether it exists in sufficiently large quantities to make any material difference to the building trade, although stone of a similar nature is said to have been found in Virginia and North Carolina.



A lesson in Botany. Classes from schools in Old London pay a monthly visit to Kew Gardens, where they receive lessons in botany in picturesque surroundings

'SOWING DRAGON'S TEETH'

Have you ever heard the saying, "They are sowing dragon's teeth?" The metaphor refers to anything which rouses citizens to rise in arms. The dragon guarded the well of Ares, in Greek mythology.

Cadmos, the founder of Thebes supposedly slew the dragon and sowed some of its teeth, from which sprang men called Spartans, who killed each other, except five men who became the ancestors of the Thebans. Those teeth which Cadmos did not sow came into the possession of Aetes, King of Colchis, and possessor of the Golden Fleece. One of the tasks he imposed on Jason, leader of the Argonauts, was to sow these teeth and slay the resultant warriors.

BUILDING PEACE TEMPLE

Manfred Hausman, a young German writer, has received a thousand-dollar prize awarded every year to a German author who, by means of a book, has helped forward friendly relations between Germany and America.

THE MIGHTY MITE

Watch screws are the smallest made for use in machines. Some of these tiny screws are only one thirty-four-thousandth of an inch in length, the diameter of the head being one twelve-thousandth of an inch. Such a screw has 360 threads to the inch and 428,000 of them are required to make a pound.

"THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S MERCY—

The WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN of The SALVATION ARMY
in Canada East & Newfoundland

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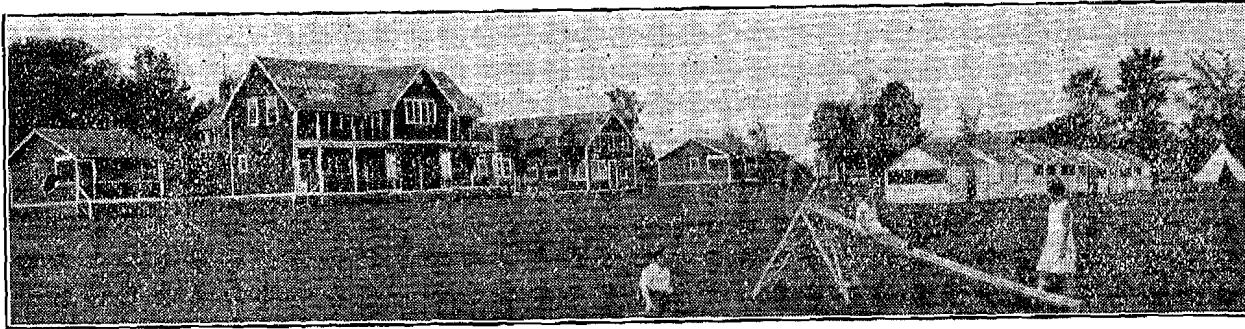
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TORONTO 2, JULY 18, 1931

JAMES HAY, Commissioner

CHILDREN of the SUN-BURNT STREETS

The First of Four Parties of Happy Youngsters Leave for The Army's Fresh-Air Camp on Lake Simcoe's Zephyr-swept Shore



Here is a general view of the Jackson's Point Fresh-Air Camp. It is set in the midst of delightful surroundings

"H AS he seen yer?" Bill just nodded.

"And will he let yer go?" Bill just nodded; moreover he smiled. But he was intent upon other matters than conversation; he was going somewhere.

Yes, to the Jackson's Point Fresh-Air Camp, on Lake Simcoe, as a matter of fact, and the "he" who had "seen him," and who had agreed to "let him go," was not the tall upright Officer—Colonel Dalziel, the Chief Secretary, nor that big brother Officer, Major Spooner, the Territorial Young People's Secretary, but none other than the well-known Doctor Conboy, who was giving all would-be campers the once-over in the Jubilee Hall, at the Territorial Headquarters of that Army which fights for all who may be under-privileged. And Bill was under-privileged in all conscience.

Mother's anxiety need never have found expression in words this morning; Bill's face was sufficient index to his appreciation of his good fortune. Yes, he was going and now he knew what he wanted to do.

"Curly" Andrews, who went to the Camp last year had told him what to do. "As soon as yer git past the doctor pick yer seat in the bus," "Curly" had advised, "and then stick to it!"

Seemingly more than one or two had been similarly counselled, for when "The War Cry" photographer wanted the passengers within to fill the windows down one side of the car, they promptly exclaimed:

"Not likely; I'd lose me seat!" And so they set off, one hundred of them, for the joys of Jackson's.

Toronto sweltered in the heat of the tropics on Thursday last. The temperature soared into the neighborhood of the hundred mark, and that without a mitigating breeze. Asphalt became soft under foot and folk who were free hied themselves to beaches and bush. We felt for the kiddies of the streets, forced to play 'midst the quivering radiations from a burning sun. But for nearly a hundred youngsters from the poorest districts of the Queen City, this hot Thursday was the Day of days!

When "The War Cry" Man arrived at Headquarters—promptly at 9 a.m.—a rush of young humanity swept forward to meet him. "Hello, Mr. keepin' cool, eh?"

We found out 'midst the babble of boyish trebles that they were the ebullient vanguard of the first Jackson's Point Fresh-Air Camp detachment for 1931. From all parts of Toronto these boys came. Four parties in all will be accommodated at the sylvan spot on Lake Simcoe's zephyr-swept east shore this year—two of girls and two of boys.

There was a clean breeze in the country, and it swept through the boy-laden bus with delicious coolness. It's a fifty-mile run from Toronto to the Point, and Adjutant Pollock, who accompanied the party, had opportunity to enter into conversation with a number of the lads.

One perky little fellow sat next to the Adjutant. He was about

"Yep—there's eleven of us. Pretty tough on Ma and Pa. I got one little brother in the hospital—getting his arm off."

"Are you hungry?"

"N—no—not 'xactly. Ain't had nothing to eat all day yesterday though—or this morning. But I'll be all right—and I guess The Army'll help 'em out at home a bit, eh?"

DID THEY GO?

"That's Billie, poor Billie—he's nearly blind—never been in the country. He's thirteen. He's disappointed he's too old."

DID BILLIE GO?

"There's eleven of us. I got one brother in the hospital—getting his arm off. Ain't had nothing to eat all day yesterday, or this morning."

DID HE GO?

"My wife is at home in bed. She's paralysed. I have eight children. I look after them and try to keep the home going." He looked fondly at his two bonny boys. "It'll do them the world of good."

DID THEY GO?

THIS WRITE-UP TELLS YOU

twelve years of age, with sparkling eyes and a mischievous grin.

"Your Dad working?" asked the Adjutant, after he had put him at his ease.

"No, he hasn't been working for some months now." The boy looked into the Adjutant's face and for a moment the smile left his eyes. "We've got eleven at home," he divulged confidentially, after a few seconds of silence. "Eleven."

The great bus purred on, the breeze swept freshly through, the subdued hum of voices continued.

An Army investigator called at a certain home in the Parliament Street district a week or so ago. There were three children eligible for Camp. The father had no work—the mother goes out to do odd jobs by day when she can get them.

"Twelve years is the age limit," the Salvationist explained.

There came a whimper from a corner of the room—a little cry which was at once bravely suppressed.

The mother's eyes softened with tears.

"That's Billie," she whispered softly, "poor Billie—he's nearly blind—never been in the country, and he's just thirteen. He's disappointed that he's too old. Just turned thirteen last week."

"Would you like to go to Camp, Billie?" enquired the Salvationist.

"Yes, sir, but I'm—I'm thirteen!"

"Well, I think I can arrange things so that you'll be able to go along."

"Oh," the poor little fellow cried, "I'd do anything to go."

For two days Billie waited eagerly for word from The Army. He couldn't go out to play with the other boys. He could just see—things looked like strange, shadowy shapes to him.

At the end of the second day the Salvationist returned, his face a-smile.

"All right, Bill," he cried, "you can come along, too! That's four of you. You'll have a great time."

"You can't imagine, sir, how much this will help all of us," said the grateful mother as she saw the visitor into the street.

On every hand one hears such fervent expressions of gratitude. A father brought his two little boys—who had been accepted for the Camp—to the bus last Thursday morning.

"You can't imagine how thankful I am to The Army for their interest in us," he exclaimed to an Officer. "My wife is at home in bed." There was a catch in his voice as he went on, "You see, sir, she's paralysed. I have eight children. I look after them and try to keep the home going. I've got work—though it's a struggle, for my wages are so small, and I can't afford to get a woman to help about the house."

He looked fondly at the two bonny boys, one on each side of him, holding his hand.

"It'll do them the world of good, and help us a lot, too!"

And so we might continue to tell our readers of the tragedy which stalks through the homes of the poor in our land. The need is urgent, pressing. The Army is determined to do its utmost for the help of these children of the streets—and deeply appreciates the splendid manner in which the people of Canada have already responded to the call for monetary aid.

The sum of \$3,000 is needed to help to cover at least part of the cost of this Christ-like work.

Friends who can help are invited to send cheques to Commissioner Hay, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.



Swimming practice is one of the joys of Jackson's Point Camp. It takes place on the beach adjoining the Camp